

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

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LONDON to CAMBRIDGE. On TUESDAY and FRIDAY, 13th and 16th October.
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HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, September, 1874.

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ALTERATIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The 9.50 a.m. horse and carriage train from Euston will be discontinued.
The 11.0 a.m. train from Euston will cease to convey passengers beyond Bangor. Passengers for Holyhead leave Euston at 12.0 noon.
The 12.0 noon train from Euston will cease to convey passengers to Fleetwood.

The 6.20 p.m. train from Euston will run to Northampton instead of to Rugby; and the 7.0 p.m. train from Euston will run to Rugby instead of to Northampton, but will not call at Crick.

The 8.0 p.m. train Euston to Carlisle and Scotland will be discontinued. Oxford, Banbury, and Cambridge passengers leave Euston at 7.0 p.m.

The limited mail train leaving Euston at 8.40 p.m. will convey first, second, and third class passengers; also holders of return tickets from London only to stations in Scotland. At intermediate stations, first and second class passengers holding single journey tickets for Scotch stations will be allowed to proceed by this train, provided there are vacant seats.

The 8.25 a.m. train from Stafford to Rugby will leave at 8.0 a.m., and will run through to Euston.

The 9.30 a.m. and 11.0 a.m. trains from Rugby to Euston will be discontinued, and a new train will leave Rugby at 10.15 a.m., calling at all intermediate stations.

The 8.50 a.m. train from Birmingham to Rugby will leave at 8.45 a.m., and connect with the 10.15 a.m. new train, Rugby to London.

Passengers by the 7.15 a.m. train from Liverpool (9.15 a.m. train from Stafford, and 10.46 a.m. train from Rugby), for intermediate stations south of Blisworth, will be able to join the 10.15 a.m. train from Rugby at Blisworth.

A new train will leave Watford for London at 12.35 noon, connecting with the 12.0 noon train from St. Albans and 12.10 noon train from Rickmansworth.

The 2.55 p.m. train from Watford to Euston will be discontinued.

HUNTING.

A slip carriage for Leighton will be attached to the 9.0 a.m. express train from Euston, when required.

The 1.0 p.m. train from Liverpool, due at Euston at 7.30 p.m., will call at Leighton at 6.25 p.m. for the accommodation of hunting gentlemen.

The 10.25 a.m. train from Bletchley to Oxford will stop at Swanbourne when required to set down hunting gentlemen.

For other alterations see time bills.
G. FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager.

Euston Station, September, 1874.

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THE TWO ORPHANS, in six acts and eight tableaux, EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Preceded, at 7, by TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER. Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list entirely suspended.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—

Manager, Mr. Francis Fairlie.—Enthusiastic reception of the Drama and Opéra-Bouffe. EAST LYNNE at 7, VERT-VERT at 9. Characters by Messrs. George Barrett, Leonard Boyne, Frank Wood, Hudspeth, Swift, Gordon, Coels, H. R. Teesdale, &c.; Mesdames Ada Ward, Marie Parselle, Stephens, Thérèse de Valery, Louisa Payne, Marie Bramah, Norrie Jordan, Lillian Adair, Egerton, Murielle, and Camille Dubois. Full Band and Chorus of Sixty.—Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Places may be secured at the Box office of the theatre daily, between 11 and 5, and at all the Libraries.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Doors open at 7, commence at

7.30, with THE PRETTY HORSEBREAKER; after which Serpette's Grand Opéra Comique, THE BROKEN BRANCH. "A happy combination of Mirth and Melody that will at once please the patrons of the more extravagant entertainment known as Opéra-Bouffe and satisfy those who prefer musical works of a more dignified kind."—See the Daily Telegraph, August 26. In the Third Act, an original Ballet, "Les Prêtresses de l'Amour," by Espinosa and Hamilton Clarke, EVERY EVENING. Première danseuse, Mdlle. Perholdt.—Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. Box office open from 11 till 5. No charge for booking.—Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—Immense Success

of the Lydia Thompson Season.—Second Week of Farnie's Oriental Extravaganza of BLUE BEARD. Enthusiastic Reception of Miss Lydia Thompson in her original part of Selim, played by her 470 times in America. Mr. Lionel Brough, Bishop, J. Morris (the Proteus), and Mr. Willie Edouin; Misses Kathleen Irwin, Topsy Venn, Edith Lynd, Alice Atherton, Burns, Russell, &c. Preceded at 7.45 by a one-act comedy, entitled CLEVER SIR JACOB. Lionel Brough, Alfred Nelson, Bishop; Misses Irwin and Garthwaite.—Box office open from 10 to 5.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON as SELIM, in BLUE

BEARD, pronounced by the entire press to be the most artistic burlesque performance on the modern stage.—Seats can be secured for two weeks in advance.

MR. LIONEL BROUGH, as BLUE BEARD.

"That's the sort of man I am."

WILLIE EDOUIN as the HEATHEN CHINEE.

JOHN MORRIS, the PROTEUS, the talk of London.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.—"The reception

awarded to the talented actress, when she appeared before the footlights, beggars description."—The Standard.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.—"The peculiar charm

of her acting cannot easily be described, and must be seen to be appreciated."—Morning Post.

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IMMENSE SUCCESS of the New Drama called HAL O' THE WYND, dramatised by Leonard Rae from Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth." Received nightly with thunders of applause by delighted audiences.

On MONDAY, Oct. 5th, and following evening, at 7 o'clock, HAL O' THE WYND. Messrs. Swinbourne, Bennett, Pennington, Mead, Murray, Jones, &c.; Mesdames Marie Gordon, Wells, and Vernie. Conclude with a Favourite Farce.—Box office open from 11 till 4. No fee for booking.

ALHAMBRA.—Every Evening, Brilliant Success of

the Grand Original Opéra-Bouffe, entitled THE DEMON'S BRIDE; or, A LEGEND of a LUCIFER MATCH, expressly composed for the Alhambra by M. G. Jacobi. Principal characters: Mdlle. Rose Bell, Miss Lotty Montal, Amy Sheridan, Lennox Grey, M. Barrie, Alice Hilton, J. Howard; Mr. Harry Paulton, W. Worboys, Melbourne, Felix Bury, T. H. Paul, F. Clifton, H. Parry, &c. Mdlle. Rose Bell rapturously encoined in the Drinking and Gipsy Songs. Solo by Miss Lennox Grey redemanded nightly. The Droll Screen Scene, Messrs. Paulton and Worboys; roars of laughter. Grand Ballet, THE STAR OF HOPE; Mdlle. Pitteri, première danseuse. New Comique Ballet Divertissement, by Derwinne, entitled PIERROT EN VOYAGE. Preceded by a Farce.—Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s.

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Titles secured { THE TWIN-LIKE MIMICS.—Standard.
THE MARVELLOUS MIMICS.—Daily Telegraph.
THE MODERN DROMIOS.—Liverpool Mercury.

Notice.—The Messrs. Wardroper, having made arrangements for entering upon their first

LONDON SEASON

this year, beg to intimate that they cannot accept any further offers. Full particulars of their coming appearance, preparations, and programme will be duly announced. Address, 27, Abbey-place, St. John's-wood. Acting Manager, Mr. J. H. STRINGER.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Success is the great

criterion of the merits of a Public Entertainment, and this fact is exemplified by the crowds that avail themselves of HAMILTON'S delightful EXCURSION ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. Every Evening at 8. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 and 8. Prices 3s., 2s., 1s. and 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending

OCTOBER 10th, 1874.

MONDAY, Oct. 5th.—Fête in aid of Hospital Saturday Fund. Dramatic Performances, Balloon Ascent, Assault of Arms, Great Fountains, Athletic Sports, Concert, &c.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6th.—Dramatic Performances: One Touch of Nature and Goose with Golden Eggs, Messrs. J. Clarke, MacLean, Temple, and Miss Furtado.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8th.—Great Firework Display, Dramatic Performances by Mr. J. Clarke, Miss Furtado, &c.

SATURDAY, Oct. 10th.—First Winter Concert: Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Pianist, Mr. Franklin Taylor.

MONDAY to FRIDAY, One Shilling; SATURDAY, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m. till ten p.m.

MR. CHARLES PAKENHAM begs to inform

Managers of Theatres and the Profession that he is prepared to negotiate with them for engagements for London and the Provinces.

WANTED immediately, two leading Ladies, for an Amateur Performance. Ladies and Gentlemen requiring engagements are requested to communicate with Mr. PAKENHAM, at No. 12, Southampton-street, Strand. Office Hours 11 till 4. Amateurs instructed for the Stage.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

The Drama.

IN addition to the production at Drury Lane on Saturday evening of Mr. Halliday's spectacular drama, *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, and of Mr. Farnie's new "bouffonnerie musicale," entitled *Loo and the Party who Took Miss*, at the Strand on Monday, both of which are noticed in full in another column, numerous other important theatrical events have taken place during the week.

The Globe was reopened on Saturday, under the management of Mr. Francis Fairlie, with the same programme with which his season at the St. James's terminated some three months ago, viz., Mr. John Oxenford's adaptation from Mrs. Wood's novel, *East Lynne*, and the opéra-bouffe *Vert-Vert*. Casts of both have undergone some changes. In the drama, the principal are the substitution of Miss Ada Ward (who made so successful a debut early this year at the Haymarket, as 'Julia' in *The Hunchback*) for Miss Rose Coghlan, in the part of 'Lady Isabel Carlisle,' and of Miss Thérèse de Valery for Miss Bessie Hollingshead, who made her debut at the St. James's as 'Barbara Hare.' Mr. Leonard Boyne and Mr. George Barrett still represent their old characters of 'Captain Levison' and 'Bullock,' the policeman. In *Vert-Vert*, the hero 'Ferdinand' is now represented by Mdlle. Camille Dubois, 'Bibi' by Miss Maria Parselle, and 'Aimée' by Miss Louise Payne. Mr. George Barrett, Mr. Leonard Boyne, and Miss Morris Jordan reclaim their respective rôles of 'Nouet,' 'Ripiron,' and 'Count Florimond.' The lively opéra-bouffe, from its frequent repetition in the provinces, is now represented far more effectively than at the St. James's.

At the Haymarket on Saturday an addition was made to the programme, of Mr. Arthur A'Beckett's one-act domestic drama, *Faded Flowers*, which had been acted only once before by Mr. and Mrs. Kendall at a morning performance for the benefit of the late Mr. Hamilton Hume. Miss Bessie Edwards and Mr. Frank sustained the two principal characters. *Our Friends* continued the principal item in the bills during the week, and last night, being the benefit of Mdlle. Beatrice, *Le Sphinx* was represented in conjunction with that comedy, both of which will be repeated, and the benefit continued, this evening, the last night of Mdlle. Beatrice and her company performing in London; Mr. Buckstone commencing his season here next Saturday, with Mr. Sothern as 'Dundreary.'

At the Lyceum, Saturday was the last night of Mr. Morton's opéra-bouffe season, and was appropriately set apart for the farewell benefit of Miss Emily Soldene, who made her last appearance in London, previous to her departure for America, as 'Princess Hyacinth,' in *Fleur de Lys*, with Miss Selina Dolara as the heroine. On Monday Mr. Bateman commenced his fourth season here with a revival of *The Bells*, supported by Mr. Henry Irving as the conscience-stricken 'Burgomaster,' and the same cast as before. Mr. Compton, who has joined Mr. Bateman's company, made his first appearance here as 'Sam Savory' in the amusing old farce of *A Fish out of Water*, and met with a most hearty welcome. *The Bells* will continue to be represented until the production of *Hamlet*, which is now in active rehearsal.

At the Adelphi, *The Heir-at-law* was brought out on Monday, to afford the public an opportunity of witnessing Mr. J. S. Clarke in another of his great impersonations—that of 'Doctor Pangloss, LL.D., A.S.S.'—which character Mr. Clarke repeated during the week in conjunction with 'Timothy Toodles,' and terminated his engagement here last night. *The Green Bushes* will be revived to-night with Madame Celeste as 'Miami.'

The other theatres are, generally speaking, doing increased business with their current programmes: *Lost in London* at the Princess's; *The Island of Bachelors*, greatly improved by some judicious curtailments, and the operetta *Love Apple*, at the Gaiety; *Two Roses* at the Vaudeville; *The Two Orphans* at the Olympic; *The School for Scandal* at the Prince of Wales's; *The Broken Branch* at the Opéra Comique; and Miss Lydia Thompson in *Blue Beard*, in which Miss Edith Lynd now sustains the rôle of 'Sister Anne,' is nightly drawing crowded audiences to the Charing Cross Theatre. Mr. John Clarke and Miss Furtado (Mrs. Clarke) have appeared in *One Touch of Nature*, *The Bonnie Fishwife*, and other pieces, at the Crystal Palace during the week.

To-night the Philharmonic reopens under the new management, with Campbell Clarke's English version of *Giroflé-Girofla*; and the Surrey, again under the management of Mr. Holland, with a new nautical drama entitled *Ship Ahoy*, founded on the novel of that name.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.

IN the history of the stage it has rarely fallen to the lot of actor or actress to create so much excitement and enthusiasm all over Europe as has been caused by Miss Lydia Thompson. Her first appearance as a child of eleven years of age at the Haymarket Theatre was a marked success, her subsequent career on the continent under the management of Mr. Mitchell was one continued ovation, and after an absence of four years her return to London was the theatrical sensation of the season. *Magic Toys* at the St. James's crowded the theatre for months, and her appearance subsequently at other London theatres, in various original characters, stamped her as a *comédienne* of the highest order.

In 1868 she left for America under an engagement for six months; but the unparalleled success that attended her first season has continued with unabated prosperity for six years, and she has returned from the far west, bringing with her the most gratifying results of her financial prosperity.

At a time when the fortunes of burlesque seemed to have reached their decadence, a sudden impulse is given to it which will probably restore it to its old position in public favour. Whatever we may have to say of a class of entertainment which was being allowed to perish of sheer inanity, the altered complexion given to it by Miss Lydia Thompson endorses it with distinct value. We are glad to have back upon the boards a lady who can play modestly and gracefully in boy's attire, and who can infuse into the episodes of song and dance a delicacy to which we have long been strangers.

These attributes return to the stage with Miss Lydia Thompson, who, after a roving career, in every sense completely successful, pays a brief visit to the old country, in order to show that at her hands burlesque has lost none of its humour, interest, or vitality. The portrait represents Miss Thompson as the shepherd boy in *Blue Beard*, at the Charing Cross Theatre, where she is nightly playing to crowded and delighted audiences.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

WITH the avowed conviction that Shakspeare and Byron led to bankruptcy, and justified by the unflinching attraction and great success of the successive spectacular dramas founded by Mr. Halliday on the Waverley novels of "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," &c., Mr. Chatterton has wisely resorted to the same seemingly inexhaustible source for his present autumnal entertainment, and produced on Saturday evening another spectacular play, *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, adapted by Mr. Halliday from "The Talisman," the second of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of the Crusaders." With the exception of a few transpositions of dialogue and incidents, rendered necessary through stage exigencies, Mr. Halliday has followed the original with reverence and tolerable closeness, retaining the leading romantic and chivalrous incidents, which afford the fullest scope for striking situations, imposing and gorgeous pageantry, and scenic embellishment. He has moreover supplied an essential dramatic element by elaborating and making more prominent the character of Edith Plantagenet and the love episode between her and the Scottish knight, Sir Kenneth, both of which are but subordinate in the original. Although undoubtedly inferior as a drama to any of Mr. Halliday's previous adaptations from Sir Walter Scott, *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* has not been surpassed by any of its predecessors for beauty of scenery, brilliant pictures of chivalrous pageantry, and picturesque processions, groupings of innumerable, well-disciplined, and mail-clad warriors and Saracens. It is mounted with unexampled care and splendour of scenic decoration and effect, and as a brilliant spectacle is another gigantic success for Mr. Chatterton. The curtain rises on a marvellously painted scene, by Mr. Beverley, of the desert by moonlight, with camels and their drivers resting in the foreground after their toilsome journey, and the pyramids faintly visible in the far distance. Here take place an imposing entry of the hosts of Crusaders, marching in endless military array, followed by King Richard of England, now prostrated by fever; the cure of the sick warrior by Saladin, disguised as a physician, and the rally of his followers by Richard, who, mounting his horse, calls upon them to follow him to the gates of Jerusalem—the last forming a most stirring and brilliant tableau, which would be still more effective, and a decided improvement, had it been made to close an act; this might easily and advantageously be accomplished by omitting altogether the next scene, the tedious business with the hermit in "The Cave at Engaddi," which is objectless, except as a "carpenter's scene," and results in nothing; while the third scene, the chapel, with its gorgeously decorated and brilliantly lighted altar, the solemn procession of choristers, priests, and nuns, and the meeting of Sir Kenneth with Lady Edith, would as appropriately form a separate act, to which the statuesque figure of Lady Edith on the steps of the altar, as she vows that rather than bestow her hand on the heathen Soldan, the proposed condition of peace, she would by the aid of her friendly dagger become the "bride of death," would still be a most striking and effective termination. In the second act, "St. George's Mount" in the Crusaders' camp, another of Mr. Beverley's artistic triumphs, are represented the familiar incidents of the tale relative to the banners. King Richard plants the standard of England, embroidered by the hands of Queen Berengaria and Lady Edith, on the mount; this excites the jealousy of the other chiefs, who induce the Grand-duke of Austria to place his national flag alongside that of England. Richard, on his return, indignant at the audacity of the Grand-duke, tears down the yellow flag, and tramples it under his feet, leaving Sir Kenneth to guard the English banner from a repetition of insult. Through a thoughtless jest of the Queen's, Sir Kenneth is lured away from his post, leaving his faithful dog to watch over the flag; but in his brief absence it is carried off by Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, after a fierce encounter with, and severely wounding the dog. Then follows the disgrace of the cruelly deceived Sir Kenneth, whose life is only spared through the joint intercession of the Queen, Lady Edith, and the disguised physician, who opportunely again turns up and gains the respite in return for having saved Richard's life. Sir Kenneth is banished, and leaves the Christian camp in company with El Hakim. The third act, after a brief scene, in which Saladin in his palace at Damascus reveals to Sir Kenneth his identity, and points out to him a means of retrieving his knightly honour, is entirely occupied by a grand display of Oriental revels or an Arabian Nights entertainment, in the great square of the city—an elaborately designed set scene of Eastern splendour, which soon becomes filled with crowds in every variety of picturesque Oriental costume, who make way for numbers of coryphées in still more picturesque dresses, as they execute some graceful evolutions and dances to the beating of tambourines and the tingling of cymbals. These again give place to a frantic *pas de deux*—by Mr. Fred Evans as a dancing dervish and Miss Kate Vaughan. Then follow exhibitions of skill with Damascus blades in severing a bar of lead and strips of silk, and a series of very modern juggling, balancing, and acrobatic feats, all performed with infinite spirit and activity, and to the unmistakable delight of the crowded pit and galleries. In the last act the action of the story is resumed. Sir Kenneth, carrying out the plan devised by Saladin, for retrieving his forfeited position returns to the camp of the Christians, disguised as a dumb Nubian slave, sent by Saladin as a present to King Richard, whose life he shortly preserves from the dagger of an assassin. Then after an interview with Lady Edith, to deliver to her a letter from Saladin, persisting in his suit for her hand, he executes, with the consent of Richard, the scheme for discovering the perpetrator of the outrage in carrying away the royal flag on the fatal night he was allured from his trust. The banner is placed in the front of the Queen's pavilion; beside it stands the seeming Nubian slave and his faithful dog, now recovered from his wounds. By order of the English king and leader, the several princes successively pass and salute the emblem of England's supremacy. All pass unnoticed until Conrad approaches, when with a sudden bound the brave dog rushes at, and, seizing the delinquent Montserrat by the throat, brings him to the ground. The dénouement rapidly ensues; Sir Kenneth enters the lists in deadly combat with Conrad, and after a terrific encounter, first on horseback with spears, and then on foot with swords, Conrad is slain. Sir Kenneth, whose real identity as Crown Prince of Scotland is made known by Saladin, who now appears on the scene in his own character, is at once restored to favour by Richard, who bestows upon him the hand of his cousin, the Lady Edith.

The only characters that afford any scope for acting are 'Richard,' 'Sir Kenneth,' and 'Lady Edith,' in whom alone whatever dramatic interest exists in the story is concentrated. Mr. Anderson's physique and vigorous style are admirably suited for impersonating the lion-hearted monarch, but a more subdued tone would be desirable. Mr. Terriss's 'Sir Kenneth' only requires a little more life in some of the scenes to be an excellent performance. He plays throughout with quiet force and chivalrous bearing, and in the scene in the fourth act, when in the trying and most difficult ordeal of compulsorily sustaining his feigned dumbness while writhing under the torturing reproaches of Lady Edith, his acting was highly artistic and expressive; but the most effective

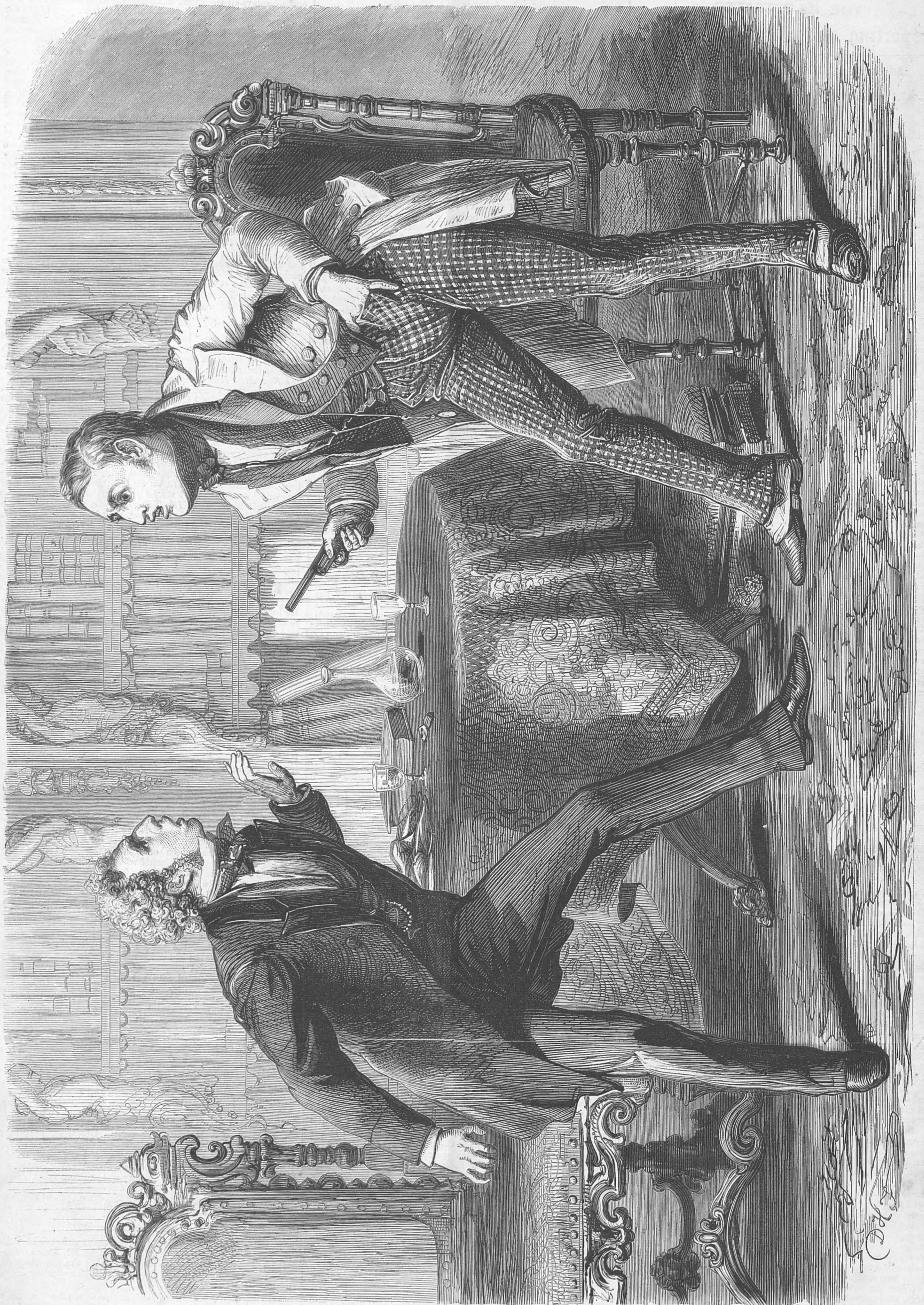
acting is that of Miss Wallis, who as 'Lady Edith Plantagenet' again displays all the grace, intelligence, and combined force and pathos for which she has been distinguished from the very first of her yet brief theatrical career. Her power and intensity in the three great situations—first in the chapel, when on the altar steps she vows in presence of her lover never to become the wife of the Saracen chief; subsequently, when denouncing the implacable severity of the King towards Sir Kenneth for the fault that she and the Queen were thoughtlessly the cause of, and finally, in the scene with her lover, disguised as the dumb Nubian—were duly recognised and greeted with loud applause. The part of 'Saladin' is only raised from insignificance by the characteristic gravity and dignity of bearing and elocution with which Mr. Creswick so artistically invests it. 'Conrad of Montserrat' is equally unworthy of the abilities of Mr. Sinclair. The other Christian leaders, 'Philip, King of France,' 'Leopold, Grand-duke of Austria,' and 'Beausant,' and 'Queen Berengaria,' are efficiently represented by Mr. H. Kemble, Mr. Dolman, Mr. H. Vaughan, and Miss Bessie King. Mr. Arthur Matthison, as 'Blondel'—a small part that affords but scant opportunity for the display of this accomplished vocalist's genuine abilities as an actor—sings the song of "The Banner" in a style that leaves nothing to be desired. But why not his own air as well as words? There cannot be two opinions as to which is the better—because more spiritedly bright and ringing—production, and we are confident, if the audience could sit in judgment on both, they would agree with us. The drama was received throughout with the warmest demonstrations of approval, and is sure to occupy the bills for many months to come. It is preceded by the laughable farce of *In Possession*, and followed by a comic ballet entitled *Here, There, and Everywhere*.

STRAND THEATRE.

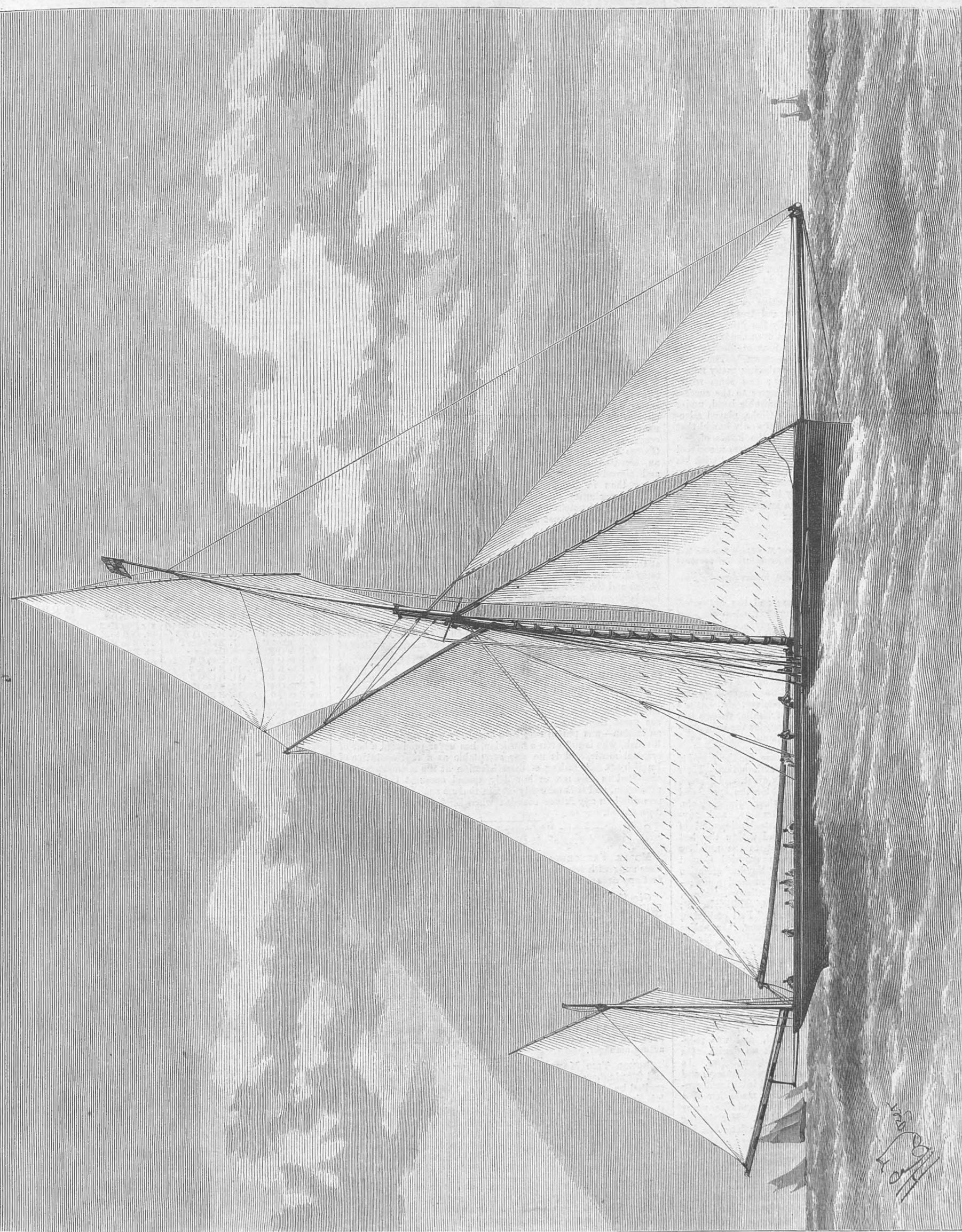
MR. FARNIE'S new "bouffonnerie musicale," entitled *Loo and the Party who Took Miss*, and produced here on Monday night, promises to equal, if not surpass, in popularity and attractiveness the author's previous successes at this house, *Eldorado* and *Nemesis*. It is a bright, sparkling little piece, happily combining the best elements of French opéra-bouffe and English burlesque, before the latter became vitiated by the introduction of cellar-flap breakdowns and music-hall vulgarities. The main thread of the plot is simple enough, and easily followed through the numberless ridiculous situations and burlesque incidents with which it is interwoven. Tabardon, a retired notary turned wine-grower, determines to bestow the hand of his daughter Louisa (the Loo of the title) upon his clerk and cellarman, Emillion, a week-minded lachrymose lout, much given to weeping, from having been born on St. Swithin's day, but so very "proper" that "he could not be wicked if he tried." It is this latter attribute for which Tabardon selects him as his intended son-in-law, as, the only one, of the numerous aspirants, or competitors, for the hand of Loo, likely to fulfil the imposed condition, of giving his gratuitous services in the vineyard for twelve months, and proving his freedom from vicious habits during that period. Loo of course prefers to choose for herself, and has a lover in the person of Fiasco de Gamut, the tenor of a travelling opéra-bouffe company. Fiasco would willingly undergo the ordeal required by the father, but Emillion having only one day more to complete his period of probation, it would be hopeless for Fiasco to begin now. He however receives the aid of the *prima donna* of the company to which he is attached, Bagatelle, who devises and speedily puts into execution a plan which will disqualify Emillion, and enable Fiasco to obtain the hand of Loo. Bagatelle's clever scheme is to "lead astray" the "sainted" Emillion. So, disguised as a *vivandière*, she allures him first to a costumier's, to be attired as Charles II., then to the Café du Théâtre, and finally to the masked ball, the mild dissipation of which he recklessly enters into, wholly subversive of his twelve months' patent of morality, and thus leaving the way clear for Fiasco. The whole fun of the action arises from the almost endless series of ludicrous troubles which the poor victim Emillion becomes involved in, while being thus led astray, and which must be seen to be adequately appreciated. At the *café* he is encountered by Rimbombo, the last of the race of the Princes of the Abruzzi, a mysterious and violent Italian, who is in love with Bagatelle, and who, taking him for a rival, insists upon a duel, which at once takes place in ludicrous burlesque of the encounter in *Led Astray* at the Gaiety. Tabardon, who is also beguiled by the *vivandière* to the *café*, is subsequently the object of Rimbombo's violence, and further complications arise from the meeting in the same *locale* of Loo (also disguised as a *vivandière*) and her lover, the tenor. Emillion, to escape the violence of the lunatic Italian, takes refuge in the saloon of a hair-dressing establishment, and has scarcely disguised himself with the apron of an assistant, when his master, Tabardon, enters (dressed as Cromwell for the masked ball); and while undergoing the process of shampooing at the hands of Emillion, Fiasco enters, and, hastily putting on an apron, is ready to operate on the infuriated Rimbombo as he rushes in pursuit of his supposed rival. Matters are soon satisfactorily cleared up by the entry of Bagatelle and Loo—as the two *vivandières*. Emillion's dissipation disqualifying him, the tenor, Fiasco, becomes the party who takes Miss, and Bagatelle gives her hand to "the last of his race, Rimbombo." The scene, by a clever mechanical contrivance, becomes instantaneously, as if by magic, transformed into a brilliantly illuminated garden crowded with masqueraders. Smartly written, put on the stage with great taste and liberality, and enlivened by Offenbach's and Lecocq's choicest melodies, and some very graceful dances, the new piece has the further merit of possessing an abundance of legitimate burlesque drollery and eccentric humour which keep the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end. Still more, it affords full scope for the display of the acknowledged comic and burlesque abilities of the Strand company, and is most admirably acted throughout. Mr. Terry is indescribably droll as the "sainted" 'Emillion,' Mr. Harry Cox excellent as the pompous father, 'Tabardon,' and the impetuous and mysterious 'Prince Rimbombo,' ever ready to fight a duel with anybody and for any or no reason, is represented in genuine burlesque style by M. Marius. Miss Lottie Venne makes a bright 'Loo,' acting and singing with great animation and spirit. Miss Kate Phillips, in the small part of 'Postiche,' a coiffeur, has little to do but look pretty, and that she could not help doing; but the life and soul of the piece is Miss Angelina Claude, who sustains the character of 'Bagatelle' with captivating vivacity and untiring spirit, singing most pleasingly, dancing with grace and elegance, and displaying singular skill and *aplomb* in beating the drum. *Paul Pry*, with Mr. Terry as the inquisitive hero, still continues in the programme.

THE Holborn Theatre will open in about a fortnight, under the management of Mr. M. Guiver, brother of Mr. James Guiver, the late lessee of the Princess's, who will fill the important post of acting-manager. The opening piece will be a sporting drama, entitled *Newmarket*.

LIÉBIG'S liquid extract of beef does not require cooking or warming. It is in the form of a foreign liqueur; is composed of beef, brandy, and tonics. Sold by grocers and wine merchants as a high-class cordial or liqueur, and by druggists, as a superior nutritive tonic. Wholesale consignees, G. Gordon & Co., Italian warehousemen, 77, West Nile-street, Glasgow.—[ADVT.]



SCENE FROM "RED TAPE" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.



THE YAWL YACHT "FLORINDA," 137 TONS, THE PROPERTY OF W. JESSOP, ESQ.

RE-OPENING OF THE CROYDON THEATRE.

WHEN the old Queen's Theatre, in Tottenham Street, threw off its chrysalis condition of dirt and decay and emerged like a brilliant butterfly into theatrical sunshine, people first wondered at, and then admired, the pluck of the promoters of that metamorphosis. Doubts might have been entertained at the time of the ultimate success of the enterprise, but that its conception was sensible, and its subsequent course capable of satisfactory development, are facts established by the high position which that home of high-class comedy now occupies. History—dramatic and other—repeats itself. A transformation like that alluded to has just taken place in the Croydon Theatre, which was opened for the season on Saturday, September 26th. This establishment, built some six years ago, was well conducted, and prospered under its first régime, but from causes which it would be unnecessary to enquire into eventually degenerated, until its existence as a place of amusement became seriously threatened. It has, however, been rescued in time by Mr. Charles Kelly, under whose auspices the prettily reconstructed house has entered upon a new lease of life. It is but inadequate praise to say that Mr. Kelly's capacity for theatrical management was proved by the success of the opening night's performance, which was witnessed by a large body of spectators, who, when they had recovered from the temporary inconvenience of their rush for places, expressed their admiration of the beauty and elegance of the newly decorated auditorium with enthusiasm, whilst the general buzz and hum of voices, and the gaze of delighted faces, betokened a higher appreciation than that indicated by noisy acclamations. The principle feature of the evening's entertainment was the production of a new drama, in four acts, by Tom Taylor, Esq., entitled *The White Cockade*. The story, like that of *Lady Clancarty*, recently so successful at the Olympic, is taken from a period in English history rich in incident and those elements which afford interest and excitement either in the form of a narrative or a play, for in the reign of King William III. plots and treasonable proceedings, in which the Jacobites were chiefly the prime movers, thickened to such an extent on all sides that even the imperturbable Prince of Orange must have felt the force of Shakspeare's truism, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The whole was well acted by an excellent company, numbering many names well known in London and the provinces; and some really charming scenery contributed in no small degree to the success of the piece. Throughout the evening an admirable band, under the conductorship of Mr. Gough, late of the Globe, played selections that evoked frequent applause. We have only to add that the acting management has been placed in the hands of Mr. Edmund Garden, sen., who has been for many years associated with the principal London theatres, and we are sure that with his experience and tact the comforts of the audience will receive every attention. Altogether the future of the theatre looks bright, and the efforts of the management require only to be seconded by the patronage of the Croydon public to ensure a lasting prosperity.

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

THE *saison morte* is drawing to a close; and the autumnal musical season will commence on Saturday next, when the first "Crystal Palace Saturday Concert" will be given. Very soon afterwards the "Monday Popular" Concerts will be recommenced, and Messrs. Novello will inaugurate their gigantic speculation of a series of first-class "orchestral concerts" to be given every night for several months at the Royal Albert Hall. "The British Orchestral Society" is likely to make another appeal to patriotic amateurs; the Old and New "Philharmonic" Societies will resume their operations; the "Sacred Harmonic" Society, Mr. Leslie's Choir; the "Wagner" Society, and a host of similar though less important societies, will be in active operation, for the enlightenment of foreign visitors to "unmusical" England.

THE Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden are, for the present, the only Metropolitan musical undertakings worth notice. Their success has up to this time been wonderfully great, and Messrs. H. and S. Gatti have reaped a rich reward for the spirit and liberality which they have displayed in all their arrangements. The "classical" nights are powerfully attractive, and anyone who had wished to show proofs of that development of musical taste which has occurred in England within the last ten years might have been content to point to the numbers and the demeanour of the thousands who crowded Covent Garden Theatre on Wednesday last, when a "Haydn" selection was given, comprising the following array of musical gems:—Symphony No. 12 (Military), complete work; Chorus, "Come, gentle spring;" Song, "She never told her love;" Mdlle. Renzi; Austrian hymn, "God preserve the Emperor;" Full orchestra, chorus and band of the Coldstream Guards; Song, "In native worth" (*Creation*), Mr. Pearson; Violoncello Obligato, Mr. E. Howell; Andante, from the "Surprise" Symphony; Chorus, "The Heavens are telling;" Ballad, "My mother bids me bind my hair;" Madame Edna Hall; Symphony No. 11, The "Clock" Symphony, complete. Excluding the chamber music of Haydn, it would be difficult to select a better programme than this from his works, and the "Haydn Selection" was listened to by the crowded audience with a rapt and respectful homage, diversified by enthusiastic applause. The delicious *andante* from the "Surprise" Symphony was admirably played, and was redemanded with a persistency which would brook no denial. On the second occasion it was played even better than before. In the orchestral music the fine band was heard to advantage, and M. Hervé deserves great praise for his careful and intelligent conducting. Madame Edna Hall, who recently made her first appearance at these concerts, is an American lady, and like many of her fellow countrywomen, has studied in Italy. Her singing still needs polish, and she has a tendency to sing flat; but her voice, though unsympathetic, is powerful, which is an advantage in so large an arena. The singing of Mdlle. Renzi and Mr. Pearson presented no occasion for remark. The two choruses were well sung, but it was a mistake to attempt "The Heavens are telling" with a chorus so disproportionate to the band. Against so large and powerful a body of instrumentalists a choir of 500 voices would have been not more than sufficient. The Covent Garden chorists are not only respectable in point of numbers, but are all possessors of good trained voices. They contended bravely against an orchestral army double their own number; and although they were overpowered in the unequal strife, they might still say, like Francis I. after the battle of Pavia, "All is lost save honour!" In the pastoral chorus from the "Seasons" they were more successful. During the season their chief successes have been made in unaccompanied part songs, madrigals, &c.; and if they were every night to sing two of the charming old unaccompanied chamber compositions which have for many years retained their popularity amongst all classes of English musicians and amateurs, their singing would soon become a still greater attraction than it has hitherto been. Last Monday was a "Gowned

Night," yesterday an "Irish Ballad Night," and this evening will (as usual on Saturday) be devoted to "miscellaneous" music.

THE unveiling of Balfe's statue at Drury Lane yesterday week has been the only important incident in the musical world of London for some time past. The statue, which is seven feet in height, is placed in one of the niches on the left-hand side of the vestibule at Drury Lane Theatre. Although much too idealised and stately for the mercurial Balfe, the statue is a meritorious work, and the likeness has been tolerably well preserved. It is the work of M. Malmpré, a Belgian sculptor; and it must be noted that the foreign element predominates strangely in the whole affair. Plenty of English sculptors could have been found for the execution of a statue to the most popular of English composers; and on this point very lame excuses were made by the remarkable orator who made the speech of the day, and whose English (or what he appeared to deem English) was a source of great hilarity. His excuse for the precipitancy displayed by the committee amounted to this—that the committee felt bound to complete, as quickly as possible, the work which had been entrusted to their "hands," and what they "ad" to do was "to get up a statue (!)" Whether this acrobatic feat was to be performed with or without the help of ladders, the orator left to the imagination of the listener. From his speech it appeared that the committee, having "got up" their statue, came to the conclusion that Sir Michael Costa would be the fittest person to be honoured with the talk of unveiling it; and the fact that Sir Michael is an Italian appears to have been lightly regarded. The committee appear also to have come to the conclusion that the fittest day for unveiling the statue of Balfe must be Friday, September 25, 1874, because that day would be "the eve of the production of Mr. Andrew Halliday's dramatic adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's 'Talisman'—Balfe's posthumous opera on the same subject having been produced at Drury Lane Theatre last season!" Considering that not a single note of Balfe's music is performed in Mr. Halliday's piece, the connection between Balfe's statue and Mr. Halliday's *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* appears to be somewhat remote. The speech, which was altogether unworthy the occasion, being filled with stale anecdotes, faulty English, and Cockney mispronunciations, at this point became overpoweringly diverting, and there was a hearty guffaw. Surely, on such an occasion English art might have been better represented. No fault can be found with Sir Michael Costa for accepting the honour which was thrust upon him; but the committee stand surely condemned for the manner in which they ignored their obvious duty. Among many English musicians whom we might name as the proper representatives of English art on such a national occasion, we will only mention Sir Sterndale Bennett and Mr. George A. Macfarren. The former has for many years occupied an elevated rank among contemporary musicians at home and abroad; and his works are even more popular in Germany than in England, where until recently there has been little opportunity for the presentation—to the masses—of high-class instrumental music. Apart from his symphonies, concertos, and other great instrumental works, as the composer of *The May Queen* and the *Woman of Samaria*, Sir Sterndale Bennett's name is dear to the hearts of Englishmen. Why had he no part in the Balfe ceremonial? Mr. George A. Macfarren stands at the head of English musicians. His last great work, the oratorio *St. John the Baptist*, stands in the same category as the *Elijah* and the *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn, and will take its place beside them for many a year to come. His operas, *Robin Hood*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *Charles I.*, and other great works, are of the highest order of merit; while his songs are "familiar to the lip as household words." He is also an eloquent and practical orator. He is the sole survivor of the best six operatic writers of England (Bishop, Balfe, Loder, Wallace, Rooke, and Macfarren), and not merely has no equal, but no competitor. There would have been a graceful fitness in the selection of such a man to deliver an oration in honour of Balfe, and the audience would have had no need to blush for the orator. Mr. Macfarren was present, but was not even named or alluded to, and the statue of the great Englishman—executed by a Belgian, and unveiled by an Italian—was prated over by a busybody who could not speak English, who is not even a musician, has never produced a bar of original music, and is no way acceptable as a representative of English art. A feeling of dissatisfaction at the mismanagement exhibited in this matter is widely spread amongst the musical profession, and it is tolerably certain that no such blunder will be permitted on any future occasion when English music has to be represented.

ON Monday next a "Wagner Selection" will be given at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.

MDLLE. FRANCHINO, a soprano *prima donna*, who is said to have sung with success at the Grand Opéra, Paris, will make her first appearance at Covent Garden this evening.

Giroflé-Girofla, originally announced for Saturday last at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, is to be produced to-night, with Miss Julia Matthews as *Giroflé-Girofla*, Mr. W. H. Fisher as 'Maraschino,' and Mr. Rosenthal as 'Mourzonk.' Conductor, M. Rivière. The English version has been made by Mr. Campbell Clarke.

LESCOCQ's new opera, *Les Près St. Gervais*, written by Victorien Sardou, is to be produced at the Criterion Theatre in November next, as soon as possible after its production in Paris. The English right has been purchased at a high price by Messrs. Spiers and Pond. The English adaptation will be made by Mr. Robert Reece, and an admirable stage manageress has been secured in the person of Mrs. Liston. Mr. Hingstone will resume his duties as acting manager.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI has been starring at Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, with Madame Adelina Patti. Special interest was excited by his Fantasia on the English and Russian National Airs. His Fourth Grand Valse, however, which he played for the first time, and which presents the opportunity for the display of considerable executive skill, was warmly redemanded at each concert. The copyright of his dramatic opera, *Maria di Gaud* (the libretto of which is by Signor Cimino, one of the best known poets of Italy), has been purchased by Signor Ricordi, the great publisher of Milan, for production at La Scala, or San Carlo, Naples.

MISS ROSE HERSEE is convalescent, and is expected to join the Carl Rosa Opera Company, as *prima donna*, three weeks hence. During the last three weeks of November she will be *prima donna* of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and will thence proceed to fulfil concert and oratorio engagements in the North of England and in Scotland.

NEITHER DIFFICULT NOR DANGEROUS.—Autumn is usually the season when constitutional weaknesses develop themselves. Now is the time for prompt and decisive intervention. With Holloway's twin remedies, applied in conformity with the instructions folded round them, every invalid may avert the threatened ailment, and escape both its sufferings and its perils. These medicaments can be safely used by the afflicted of every age, rank, and condition. They remove all causes which tend to vitiate the vital fluid; they reduce all disordered functions to regularity; they purify, cool, and heat. When indigestion begets wretchedness, and the stomach refuses ready performance of its duties, one pill before dinner and a moderate dose at bedtime to regulate the bowels, set all right.—[ADVT.]

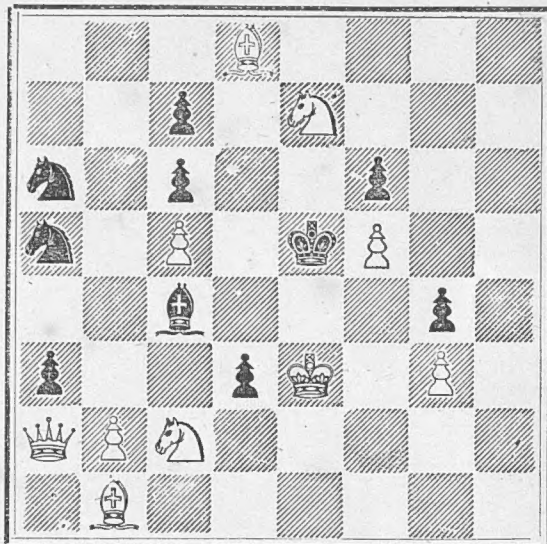
Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 24.

By Mr. D. W. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 23.

WHITE.

1. B to Q 6
2. P to Q R 4
3. P to R 5, mate.

BLACK.

1. K takes P
2. K to Q Kt 3

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. T., Chertsey.—There is no mate according to the *modus operandi* proposed by you. See the author's solution given in our last number.

J. G.—The problem submitted cannot be solved at all if Black play 2. Kt to Q B 2.

Correct solutions received from R. W. S., J. G., Victor, and "King's Knight."

The following game was played some time ago at the Liverpool Chess Club, between Mr. Steinitz and an Amateur, the former giving the odds of his Queen's Knight, and conducting seven other games at the same time.

[THE WING GAMBIT DECLINED.]

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	17. P takes B	17. Q Kt to K Kt 4
2. B to Q B 4	2. B to Q B 4 (a)	18. Q Kt to K Kt 4	18. P to K B 3 (f)
3. P to Q Kt 4	3. B to Q Kt 3	19. Q to Q 3	19. P to K Kt sq
4. Q to K 2	4. Kt to K B 3 (b)	20. B to B 2	20. P to Q R 4
5. P to K B 4	5. B takes Kt (c)	21. P to Kt 5	21. R to K 2
6. R takes B	6. Kt to Q B 3	22. Q R to K sq	22. K R to K sq
7. P takes P	7. Kt takes P	23. R to K 6	23. K to B 2
8. B to Q Kt 3	8. Castles	24. R takes Kt	24. P takes R
9. B to Q Kt 2	9. P to Q 3	25. Q to K R 3	25. K to Kt sq
10. P to K R 3	10. B to K 3	26. P to B 6	26. P takes P
11. P to Q B 4	11. Q to Q 2	27. Q B takes P	27. R to B 2
12. P to Q 4	12. Kt to K Kt 3	28. B to B 5	28. R takes B
13. P to Q 5	13. B to K B 4	29. R takes R	29. R to K 8 (ch)
14. Castles (d)	14. Kt takes K P	30. K to Q 2	30. Q to K Kt 2
15. P to K Kt 4	15. Kt to K B 5	31. B takes P	
16. Q to K B 3	16. Kt takes R P		

And Black resigned.

NOTES.

(a) A specimen of the "Two Kings' Bishops' Game" is a rarity in modern times.

(b) The opening is now reduced into a form of the Lopez Gambit.

(c) This capture is not to be commended; he ought rather to have played 5. P to Q 4.

(d) White would obviously lose his Queen were he to take the proffered Bishop.

(e) Very well played.

(f) If the Queen be taken, White wins at once by 19. R takes P (ch).

20. R to Kt 8 (ch) 19. K to R sq

21. R to K Kt sq (ch), and wins. 20. K takes R

Played at the Divan, in a match between Messrs. Bird and Weisker.

[RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.]

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	14. Kt to K B 3	14. P to Q B 5 (e)
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	15. B to Q R 2	15. B to Q B 4
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. Kt to Q 5 (a)	16. P to K R 3	16. Castles
4. Kt takes Kt	4. P takes Kt	17. K to R sq	17. P to K B 3
5. Castles (b)	5. B to Q B 4	18. B to Q 2	18. Kt to Q R 5 (d)
6. P to Q 3	6. Kt to K B 3	19. P takes Q B P	19. P takes K P
7. P to K 5	7. Kt to Q 4	20. P takes K P	20. B to K B 4
8. B to Q B 4	8. Kt to Q Kt 3	21. P takes Q P	21. Q B takes B P
9. B to Q Kt 3	9. P to Q 4	22. P to Q 6 (dis ch)	22. K to Kt 2
10. P to K B 4	10. P to K Kt 3	23. B to K Kt 5	23. Q to K sq
11. Q to K sq	11. B to K 2	24. Q to K R 4	24. P to K R 4
12. Kt to Q 2	12. P to Q R 4	25. B to B 6 (ch)	25. K to R 2
13. P to Q R 3	13. P to Q B 4	26. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	

And wins.

NOTES.

(a) This is not a trustworthy defence to the Ruy Lopez. On the contrary, it entails on the second player an inferior position from the outset.

(b) Castling at this point is slightly superior to 5. P to Q 3, as it prevents 5. P to Q B 3, followed by 6. P to Q 4.

(c) This creates a momentary diversion on the Queen's side, but in the long run it is prejudicial to Black's game.

(d) An error which hopelessly compromises his position, besides involving the loss of his best Pawns. The attack is capably sustained by White throughout.

THE representations of the Grecian drama *Hand and Glove* at the Crystal Palace commence next week.

MR. BUCKSTONE commences his season at the Haymarket next Saturday, with Mr. Sothorn as 'Lord Dundreary.'

MR. W. HOLLAND commences the winter season at the Surrey, to-night, with a new nautical drama by George Roberts, Esq., entitled *Ship Ahoy*, and founded on Mr. Penn's story of the same name.

MDLLE. BEATRICE terminates her London season at the Haymarket to-night, with her benefit continued over from last evening, and will appear in *The Sphinx* and *Our Friends*, both of which will be represented.

THE Philharmonic Theatre reopens under the new management this evening, with Mr. Campbell Clarke's English version of *Giroflé-Girofla*, supported by Miss Julia Matthews as the 'twin sisters'; Miss Everard, 'Aurora'; Mdlle. Mannetti, 'Pedro'; Mr. W. H. Fisher, 'Maraschino'; Mr. Rosenthal, 'Mourzonk'; &c.

Yachting.

* * We shall be glad to receive communications from gentlemen connected with the various Yacht Clubs, and others, on the subject of Yachting.

ROYAL REGATTA OF PORTSMOUTH.

TUESDAY, September the 22nd, was the day fixed for this regatta—the closing event of the Solent; however, the clerk of the weather had not been properly feed, and the consequence was he gave the Portsmouthians such a dose of wind and sea as is rarely experienced till long after all the yachts have comfortably embedded their keels in the soft mud of their winter berths. Of course wind accompanied by a heavy short sea is not desirable for rowing and other aquatic sports of a regatta, but for a yacht race such a day had better be taken advantage of in so shifty a climate as that of Britain. By 9 a.m. it was blowing a very fresh breeze, with the sea lumping up fast and furious; on shore every one, down to the oldest "shell back" on the "Hard," was anticipating a fine match among the small yachts. The event of the day was to be a race "for yachts of 10 tons and under, R.A.Y.C. measure, time allowance 1½ minute per ton. Prizes, £15 first, £7 second, £3 third."

The entries were:—

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
Zephyr	10	Mr. D. West.
Diamond	5	W. Baden Powell, Esq.
Brunette	8	Mr. J. Newnham.
Vesta	8	Mr. Newnham.
Mystic	10	Mr. Laphorne.

The *Zephyr*, *Diamond*, *Brunette*, and *Vesta*, mustered inside Portsmouth harbour—with topmasts ashore and mastheads stripped, in fact everything ready for a regular dusting; but the committee—to the great disappointment of the yachtsmen—postponed the match till next day.

During the morning an accident happened to one of the small yachts, the *Kate*, entered for the second match; we noticed this little yacht beating down the harbour. She appeared very unhandy when "going about," and thereby caused many speculative remarks from nautical men as to whether her crew—one man—would be able to beat her through the heavy sea at the mouth of the harbour.

She was soon into the thick of it, and, as expected, "missed stays," "fell off," and was ignominiously driven broadside on to the shingle beach, where she was heavily bumped as each sea broke over her. Luckily, however, a steam tug got hold of her, and towed her off before the sea had time to break her up.

This accident was chiefly due to the boat being manned by one man only; however fine it may sound in print, to work a small yacht "single-handed," no yachtsman possessing sound nautical knowledge combined with common sense would man a boat by himself, or risk the life of a professional by sending him out alone in hard weather—well knowing that the least hitch in working the boat may not only cause the loss of the yacht but sacrifice human life.

The morning of Wednesday, the 23rd, broke with all the appearances of a hard gale from S.E.; the wind was blowing in strong gusts from E.N.E., and the glass had fallen lumps; however, out of harbour went the little racing yachts one after another, and took up stations off Southsea beach. The preparatory gun found all the boats in a line at the starting buoys, *Vesta* and *Brunette* to windward, then the little 5-ton *Diamond*, and Mr. West's crack 10-ton *Zephyr* to leeward. The course was from the committee boat round the Spit Buoy, round the measured mile buoy, round the first harbour channel buoy, to the committee boat—three times round. As the weather looked very bad, all were snugged down to housed topmasts, reefed bowsprits, &c.; in fact, one of Mr. Newnham's two boats had her topmast and gear below altogether, and was thus ready for bad as her sister was for fine weather.

The wind was very puffy, with dead lulls between each puff. It was just in one of these puffs that the yachts were started. *Zephyr* marched off with the lead, and rounded the Spit Buoy first, *Diamond*—whose station was under the lee of *Brunette* and *Vesta*—was completely covered up by their sails, and was thus blanketed into last place. After rounding the Spit Buoy the course lay dead before the wind in heavy, lumpy water. In the run down to the west mark *Zephyr* and *Brunette* sent up topmasts and set topsails. *Diamond*, a long way astern, also sent up topmast and set topsail and spinnaker. *Zephyr* held her lead and rounded first. On rounding this mark the yachts became close hauled to a nice little north-easterly breeze, but the leaders had to make a couple of short hitches before the wind steadied itself. By this time *Diamond* had run down to the mark, and on rounding came out to windward of the lot, and, after making a short board in company with *Brunette*, reached away and became leading boat. Thus the match was sailed round the next mark, and nearly up to the committee boat, when a dead glassy calm "came o'er the face of the deep," and the yachts drifted past the crowded Southsea beach and committee boat, some stern first, others broadside on, the *Zephyr* and *Brunette* in loving embrace. The second round was no better than a drifting match during the greater part of the time, varied by one or two "cat's-paws" of wind, and was finished by *Zephyr* leading, *Brunette* second, *Diamond* third, and *Vesta*, who gave up.

The third round commenced by a driving match to the Spit Buoy; but on the next leg of the course the yachts enjoyed a nice little bit of true sailing; *Zephyr* and *Brunette* drifted beyond the mark, but *Diamond* making a lucky drive, got inshore out of the tide. A nice little breeze sprang up from the south, and *Diamond*, making a couple of short boards with spinnaker on the bowsprit, nipped round the mark just ahead of *Zephyr* and *Brunette*, who had each to make a short hitch to weather the mark. *Diamond*, meanwhile, was off, stretching out her lead from the 10-tonner in pretty style; these three, with the little ones of the second race, who were now mingling company with the yachts of the first race, made an interesting nautical group, which forms the subject of an engraving which we shall give next week. *Zephyr* and *Brunette* did not seem to overhaul the little *Diamond* at all; and if anything, she was reaching away from them, and it was evident she has been much improved since her races on the Thames, by the careful trimming of her ballast. At the west mark, *Diamond* rounded a long way ahead, and, bar bad luck, had the first prize safe, as Mr. West's ship had to allow her 7½ min.; however, bad luck came to the *Diamond*, and good to the *Zephyr*—the wind gradually died away, and *Zephyr*, with balloon-topsail set, crept past *Diamond*. The breeze finally departed and left the yachts close to one another, and the committee boat in a clock calm, a strong tide, and pitch darkness. *Zephyr* managed to take a "cat's-paw" and win; *Diamond* crept in against tide some 20 min. later, and *Brunette* about 20 min. after her.

The match cannot be said to have been a satisfactory one from a sailing point of view, owing to want of wind, but may serve as a warning to the committee of this excellent regatta to take advantage next year of a breeze, even though it promise a dusting to the crews.

THE YAWL YACHT "FLORINDA."

THE *Florinda* was launched from the yard of Messrs. Camper and Nicholson at Gosport in 1873, being constructed by that eminent firm for Mr. W. Jessop. She made her first essay as a racer in a match from Southend to Harwich, when she came in second to *Pantomime*, beating *Egeria* in her own weather. Her meeting with *Corisande* was looked forward to with much interest, but the first trial of strength in the Cinque Ports Regatta at Dover was not considered at all conclusive on account of the paltry wind. *Florinda* however came in first.

At the Isle of Wight, with more wind, after one of the finest races on record, *Florinda* proved successful by nearly ten minutes. The reputation so early established has been fully maintained during the past season by her winning, amongst others, the Yawl prize in the R.L.Y.C. match (£100) and the second prize in the recent International Match from Havre to Southsea. She is fitted with a magnificent suit of sails by Messrs. Laphorne, of Gosport, who seem in this case to have surpassed all their previous efforts.

The leading dimensions of *Florinda* are subjoined:—

Length on load water line.....	85 ft. 9 in.
Beam on load water line.....	19 " 1 "
Draught forward.....	7 " 3 "
" aft.....	10 " 8 "
Tonnage (R.T.Y.C. rule).....	135 tons.

Rowing.

LONDON ROWING CLUB.

THE London Rowing Club closed their season—which has been a very brilliant one—on Saturday last, with a 12-oared race, the two boats in which the race was rowed being the only 12-oared crafts in existence, which are constructed precisely as the University eights. Messrs. Cross and Horton, two of the rising members of the club, were entrusted with the "strokes." The race was rowed on the ebb tide from the top of Chiswick-ait down, and the *Warrior* steamer (Captain Bean) conveyed a large party considering the advanced season. Mr. James Layton, the president of the club, was umpire.

Cross's crew (Middlesex side).....	1
Horton's crew (Surrey side).....	2

CROSS'S CREW.

1. T. Adcock.
2. L. T. Williams.
3. S. C. Strong.
4. A. C. Highton.
5. W. B. Webbe.
6. E. Webb.
7. C. K. Greenhill.
8. W. F. Pitchford.
9. R. M. Barton.
10. J. H. Dickson.
11. F. Watts.
12. G. H. Cross.

A. Highton, cox.

HORTON'S CREW.

1. E. E. Cooper.
2. H. D. Maclure.
3. W. C. Woodhams.
4. H. R. Barrard.
5. E. S. Pearson.
6. H. M. Roberts.
7. A. Laming.
8. E. Monthermit.
9. E. B. Barlow.
10. H. B. James.
11. J. Howell.
12. B. Horton.

V. Weston, cox.

Cross had the old boat, which is not equal to the new one for speed. The selection of the crews was very good, and a capital race was the result. Cross, although having to course the longest way round for Hammersmith Bridge, jumped off with the lead, and, rowing in capital form, drew half a length ahead at the Oil Mills, and increased it to nearly a length at Hammersmith Bridge; he shortly afterwards drew clear, but Horton raced him all the way home, and his bows-man was level with cross's coxswain at the finish—the latter thus winning by not quite his own length.

INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH BETWEEN IRELAND AND AMERICA.

THE international rifle match between Ireland and America took place on September 26. The Americans won the first event, at 800 yards, by 326 points against 317. Mr. Fulton, on the American side, and Mr. Hamilton, on that of the Irish, made 58 points each. The betting was 100 to 75 in favour of the Americans.

In the second event the number of points scored on either side was:—

AMERICANS.		IRISH.	
Fulton.....	171	Rigby.....	163
Yale.....	162	Hamilton.....	160
Bodine.....	158	Wilson.....	160
Gildersleeve.....	155	Milner.....	154
Sepburn.....	149	Johnson.....	150
Dakin.....	139	Walker.....	144
Total.....	934	Total.....	931

The result being in favour of the Americans by three points. Milner made a bull's-eye on a wrong target.

The following are the further results of the scoring in the rifle match between the Irish and Americans on September 27:—At 900 yards the Irish made 312 points, and the Americans 310; at 1000 yards the Irish made 302 points, and the Americans 298. The highest possible score was 180, and Mr. Fulton made 171.

THE Brighton dramatic company, with Mr. H. Nye Chart, will play in Tunbridge Wells and Hastings during the stay of Mrs. Liston's opera artists at the Brighton Theatre, commencing on Monday next, October 5th.

GLoucestershire COUNTY CRICKET CLUB SCORES.—Mr. Arrowsmith, Quay Street, Bristol, has issued, in the form of a neat pamphlet, a list of the whole of the scores made by the premier county of England from the year 1870 until the close of the present season. The compilation, so far as we have tested it, is complete and free from error. As it stands, it is one of the most curious contributions to the history of county cricket extant, and will doubtless be studied to some profit by writers of those winter essays on the noble game with which the sporting journals are padded during the dead season.

FAREWELL DINNER TO MR. JOHN NASH.—On Monday last a number of the friends and admirers of Mr. John Nash, the popular buffo vocalist, entertained him at dinner at the American Hotel, Holborn, prior to his departure for the United States. Mr. Wilton occupied the chair, Mr. J. A. Cave, lessee and manager of the Marylebone Theatre, acting as *croupier*. The toast of the evening was proposed by the president, who eulogised Mr. Nash's amiable personal qualities and remarkable professional talents in felicitous terms, the laudatory strain being afterwards taken up by Mr. Cave, Mr. Walter Joyce, Mr. Maynard, Mr. Macdermot, and others. It is perhaps enough to observe that the speech of Mr. Nash in acknowledgment of the toast was characterised by much warmth of feeling and great good taste. He was proud, he said, to have earned the approbation of so many members of the dramatic profession as well as those of the music-hall stage. In subsequent speeches Messrs. Cave and Macdermot drew attention to the fact that an artist was an artist whether he appeared at a music-hall or a theatre, and that the line which divided the two branches of the profession was very thin indeed. Mr. Walter Joyce, as an actor who had some experience of America, expressed his belief in Mr. Nash's success in that country. After several other toasts had been honoured, this pleasant gathering of the friends of as genuine an artist as ever appeared before the public broke up with unanimous expressions of good will towards the guest of the evening.

"NORTHERN WATER."

A DREAM OF THE PAST IN A REALITY OF THE PRESENT.

Dedicated without permission, but with all respect, to the Author of "Holmby House."

Gloom of sky overhead, under-foot gloom of grass
Dank, trampled, and muddy; a murmuring mass
Many-headed, one-throated; a hum from afar,
As the fall of a flag gives the first note of war.

And we stand by the bank where the pollard-trees grow,
And peep at the cruel, brown waters below.
'Tis bitter up here in warm ulster and hood,
God help the silk jacket that tastes of that flood.

Then the hum from afar deepens into a roar—
"They are coming!—are here!" as some dozen or more,
The smartest and best of the Sons of the Sword,
Come sailing along o'er the rain-sodden sward.

There's a smile on each face, and a light in each eye,
For with each gallant captain 'tis "Do it, or die,"
Then a touch from the spur, and a cheer from the throng,
And it's "Down in the saddle, and send him along!"

They are here!—they are gone!—as the shapes of a dream
All is past, save sky, meadow, and dark-rolling stream.
As a swift o'er the water, a cloud o'er the corn,
Gallant rider, brave steed from my vision are born.

Sky and meadow—but where is the gray and the gloom?
The heavens are all smiling, the earth is in bloom;
There's a sound of glad tidings abroad on the air,
'Tis the joy of the world that she finds herself fair.

But a sterner sound now bids the dreamy pulse reel
To the thunder of horse-hoofs, the rattle of steel—
Right and left fly the blossoms as crash through the thorn
A bare-headed gallant is handsomely borne.

No iron in holster, no scabbard on flank,
While that old jerkin tokens the homeliest rank.
But the "gentleman" speaks from the eyes' honest blue,
And who wears the loveliest but "Tender and True"?

That good sorrel nag—mark him swallow the ground!—
Was ne'er backed by a psalm-singing Puritan hound.
That clear cheery voice bidding "Croppies go swing!"
Could have known but one war-cry, "For Country and King!"

In bower more courtly, in battle more keen,
None rode with Prince Rupert for Charles and his Queen.
There was shutting of Bibles, and closing of ranks,
When that sorrel came down on the Parliament flanks.

That tattered old jerkin once glittered with gold,
Or lace of the finest that Lovelock was rolled;
Bright gems, and broad pieces, silk, velvet, and lawn,
Brave show for brave gallant, well won, and well worn.

All has gone a good errand—the gentle of old
In the cause of his King was as free with his gold
As his blood—nought now left of the dainty array
Save one poor little breast-knot long faded away.

It has borne him through pain and through peril afar,
When his days were all sunless, his nights without star.
As the bark to its harbour, the bird to its nest,
It hath borne him once more to the land he loves best.

Not a word may be whispered—no pressure of hand—
She heeds not, scarce sees the poor fisherman stand.
By the stream at her feet—will he get what he gave
When he laid down his heart before proud Mary Cave?

But scant time hath he now for his lady or love—
For three foot of good steel he would barter her glove.
Though rosy the Future, the Present looks black,
When the "horsemen of Zion" are hard on your track.

They may whine through your noses, and cant till you're sick,
But the rogues, being English, can fight like Old Nick.
Three to one are long odds when the steel's with the three—
His life's with the sorrel, for life's to be free.

Short shrift the malignant may hope to be shown—
An axe for the gentle, a rope for the clown.
So speed you, good nag, though the shame may be sore
To think that you fly where you followed before.

By upland and valley, past hamlet and hall,
Where the thorn grows the thickest, and stoutest the wall;
No gap for their 'vantage, no stop for their breath—
Faith! the Croppies will hardly be in at *this* death.

Now, but one struggle more, though the hardest, the last—
Then rest you, my sorrel, the danger is past.
There is never a nag in broad England, save one,
Can clear me yon waters that flash in the sun.

Dark and deep rolls the current the sedges beneath;
If before us is danger, behind us is death.
But on the far side, where we soon shall stand free,
The rogues at our back may go whistle for me.

He has chosen his place, he has slackened his speed;
Hand and heart, nerve and sinew are strung for the deed.
Though nearer and nearer the man-hunters strain,
Cooler head of the hunted keeps hand on the rein.

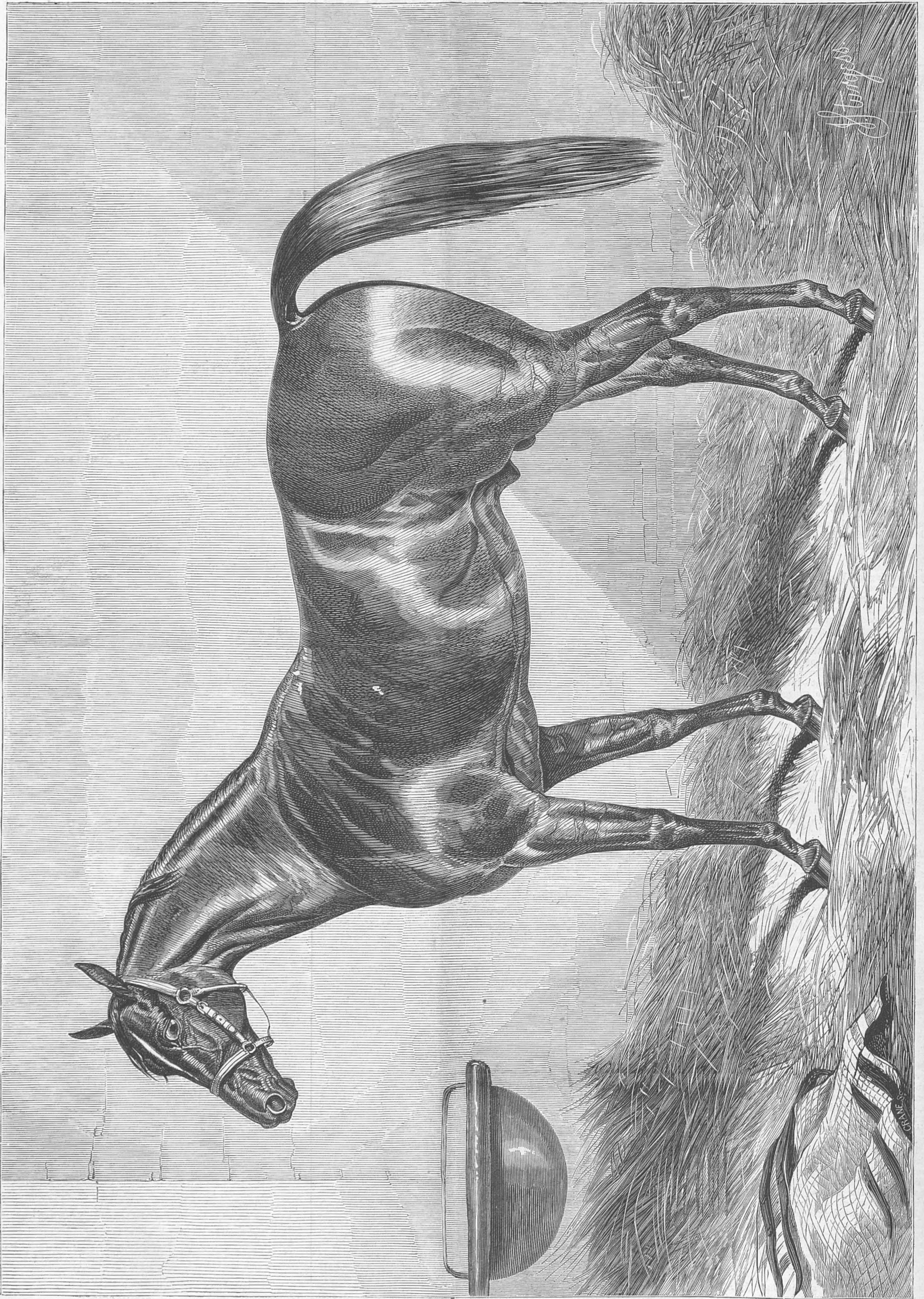
Have you seen the hawk stoop to the labouring hern,
Or the fallow-deer flit like a ghost through the fern?
Then you've seen how the sorrel came down to the bank,
With the hand off his bridle, the heel on his flank.

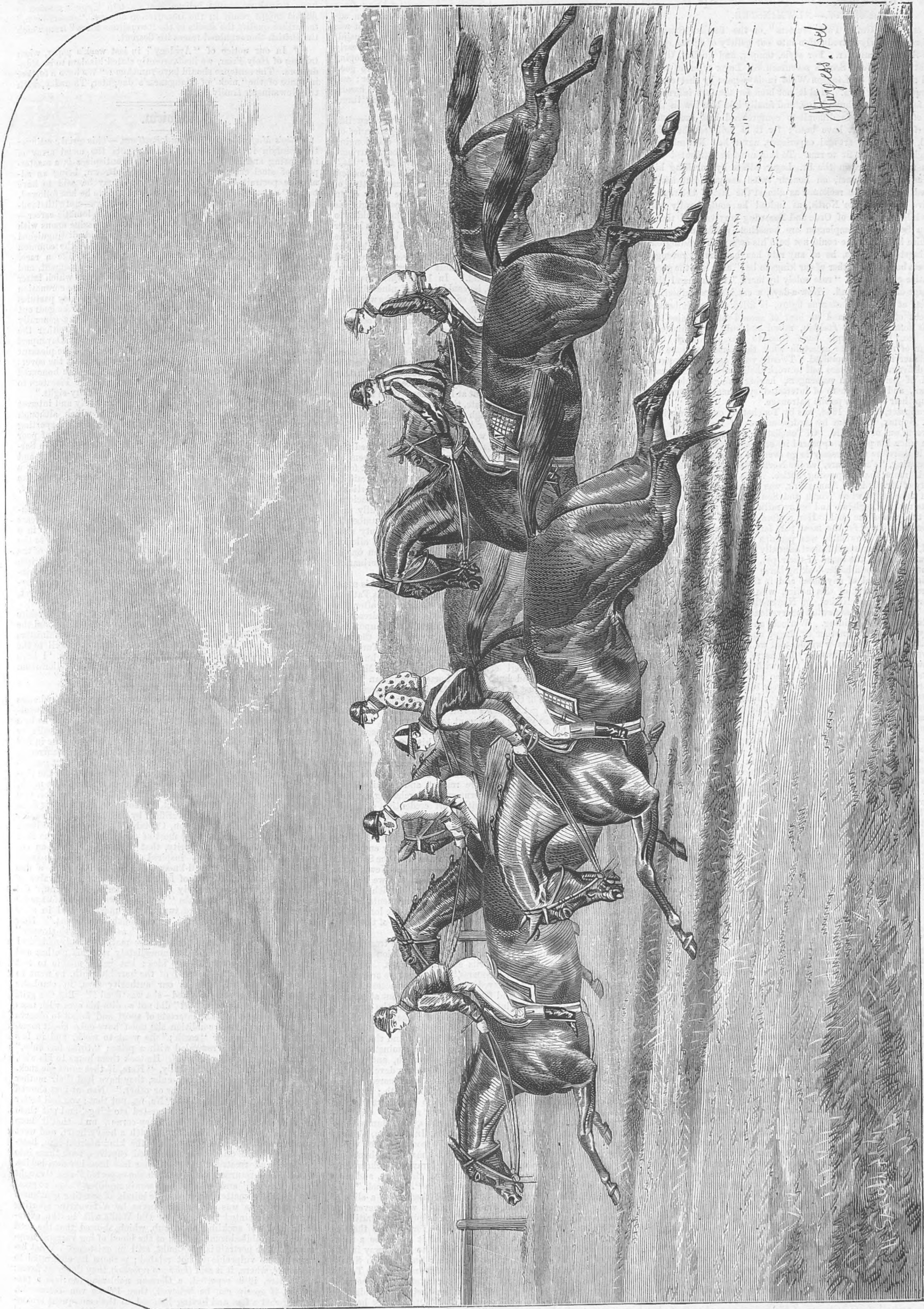
Loud and clear the old war-cry, "For God and the King!"
Drowns the din hard behind, as they rise to the spring—
Beneath flash the waters—above laughs the sun—
Life and Death in the balance—and Life, Sirs, has won!

Fast, fast flies the vision, nor would I awake
The old echoes again for the brave sorrel's sake.
On the flood of his fortune, the top of his tree,
What man has the wisdom to let the good be!

So a toast to the Present—no more of the Past—
Bold riders in plenty, and long may they last!
May their hearts be as stout, and as limber their nags,
When they next settle down for a spin through the flags.

WALTER MERTON.





RACING SKETCHES. No. III.—“They’re Off!”

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XXV.—NEWMINSTER.

No one of "Grand Past Masters" of the English Stud is worthier of an early introduction into our gallery of equine celebrities than Newminster. For style, temper, and quality, there was not one of John Scott's seventeen St. Leger winners who leared their pipes on Langton Wold in days gone by that could be compared with him. Had it not been for the foot infirmity which followed him through life, and finally laid him low in the zenith of his fame, it is difficult to comprehend how successful his Turf career might have been; for it is believed that the Wizard, with all his art and experience, never had Newminster thoroughly well and fit to run. To this must be attributed the horse's failure to crown the St. Leger edifice by enrolling his name as a Cup winner, an honour twice essayed, but never achieved. He may be reckoned as almost the last of the representative horses of the North, as indeed he could hardly fail to be while the names of Orde and Beeswing survive, and those of John Scott and Templeman are household words in many a Yorkshire home. If he could not hold his own with Teddington and Kingston in Cups, he at any rate has had ample revenge over them both as a "father of our kings to be;" and, like the good apprentice of the story, "rose solely by merit" to command the patronage of all England. Now-a-days, a crack's first subscription list, at some preposterous figure, is filled well nigh before he is out of training, and we hear of second-raters, related to perhaps some first-class stallion, raised suddenly to a hundred-guinea fee, before people have time to search through the calendar of races past to ascertain what the horse has done to have his services thus appraised. Twenty years ago, things were vastly different, and horses had to work their passage to success, instead of being saloon passengers, having things made easy for them, and half a score of interested sycophants engaged to write up their claims to public patronage.

Newminster, bred in 1848, was by Touchstone out of Beeswing by Dr. Syntax, her dam by Ardrossan out of Lady Eliza, by Whitworth out of Spadille. Of Touchstone we gave an historical outline when his portrait appeared in our pages some time since, and it is therefore unnecessary to go over the same ground again, but Beeswing, "tauld mare," as the Northerners loved to call her, demands more than a passing notice. This famous mare, the property of Mr. Orde, of Nun Kirk, was the idol of Northumberland in those days when North and South each possessed their separate racing kingdoms, and before railways and telegraphs had joined the ends of the land. Her performances are too numerous to recount here, and for the most part familiar to all students of racing lore, but Newcastle was perhaps her favourite vantage ground, where the pitmen looked annually for her appearance, and fairly went mad in the cause of their pet. Nun Kirk, declared by John Scott to be a better-looking horse than Newminster, was Beeswing's first foal of any note, and in the next season but one she threw the subject of this notice, who soon after passed into the possession of Mr. Nichol, of Newcastle on Tyne, whose luck on the Turf has been somewhat marvellous, considering the few animals he had in training. Warlock and The Wizard subsequently brought him another St. Leger and Two Thousand, but it is with his first Doncaster winner that we are mainly concerned.

Newminster was a bright sherry-bay horse, and one of those low and gentlemen too seldom met with in the stud farms of England. We doubt very much if he exceeded the fifteen one standard, but for quality we have rarely beheld his equal. His head was neat, generous, and expressive; long straight neck, well laid shoulders most magnificently sloped; depth of girth good, and back and quarters not to be surpassed. His arms and thighs were muscular, his legs short, well placed, and with plenty of bone; in short he was nearly perfect in every point, excepting that very vital one to a race-horse—his feet.

These began to trouble him very early in life, and what with this drawback, and the many juvenile ailments to which horse-flesh is heir, he did not show for any of his two-year-old engagements. He had wintered badly, and the "teething" fever pulled him down so much that, from being a strong favourite for both Two Thousand and Derby, he declined to almost any price, and, after declining his Newmarket engagements, made his *début* in "Teddington's Derby," with 100 to 1 betted against him. Pettit had merely to sit and look on at the "greyhound" settling Marlborough Buck and Hernandez, and Newminster was forthwith put by for John Scott's favourite St. Leger. At York, however, his owner persisted in pulling him out for the Ebor St. Leger, contrary to wishes of his friends and the advice of his trainer, who had taken a good deal out of Newminster in a "Yorkshire gallop" shortly before the race, not thinking he would be required to run. Hence he, in Frank Butler's hands, was beaten by both Calculator and Ceresus, and his Doncaster chance seemed hopeless. He "came again," however, during the interval, and Sim Templeman had his first leg-up on the son of "tauld mare" on the Town Moor. Hernandez was favourite, closely pressed by Aphrodite and The Ban, the allegiance of Sir Joseph's followers being thus divided between horse and mare, as we witnessed last year with Doncaster and Marie Stuart. Newminster, however, won in a canter by two lengths, and as his supporters had got on at nice long odds, all was rosy with the "followers of Scott." Newminster's weight for the Cambridgeshire being 8st (including his penalty for winning the St. Leger), he was made a hot favourite for that event, Breba only superseding him in the market at last, but he was nowhere to Truth and Ariosto when it came to mounting the hill at the top of the town. Newminster's subsequent career was hardly so bright as it might have been, had his party only borne in mind what they could not but admit, that he was a horse of delicate constitution, and not always with the bloom upon him. He was easily upset, and recovered but slowly from the effects of a hard race. Accordingly, after Sim had effectually settled Harpsichord, Phlegathon, and Midas, for a sweepstakes over three miles and a half on the Goodwood Tuesday, he was decided to oppose Kingston, Little Harry, Teddington, Hobbie Noble, and Stilton for the Cup, wherein, under Alfred Day's guidance, he cut a very sorry figure behind the three first-named; and fared no better in nearly the same company at Doncaster, though Teddington turned the tables on Kingston, with Hungerford a bad third. At Chester, in 1853, he tried his luck in the "Coop" with no better success, as, carrying 8st 8lb, and with Sim again in the saddle, he could not get within hail of Goldfinder, Talfourd, and Trifle. After this, with 11b more, he essayed the Great Ebor at York, but with 20 to 1 against him had no chance with Pantomime and the Nabob; and his concluding Turf performance was in 1854, when, running very prominently in the Cup at Chester, under the lenient weight of 8st 2lb, he broke down badly, and never troubled the starter again. His delicate constitution had given his trainer no end of trouble, and all "evil humours of his body" seemed to fly to his feet, which had to be most carefully and considerably treated, and were sad drawbacks to a long and steady preparation.

The following season, 1855, saw him located at Tickhill, his

fine shape and excellent blood attracting Lord Scarborough's attention, who at that time chanced to be casting about for a young sire. Thus for the years '55 and '56 we find him advertised to serve at the moderate figure of 10 guineas; and it was in the quiet of his retirement at Tickhill that he begot Musjid, the successor to Beadsman in Derby honours of 1859, thus early making his mark at the stud. It was his action when galloping in the paddock that recommended Musjid so highly to good judges, for the public would not look at him at Doncaster; and it was almost by chance that he fell into "Sir Joseph's" hands, who touched up the Ring to the tune of £70,000 with the "three-cornered colt from Peggy."

After the season of 1856, he was purchased by the Rawcliffe Company for £1300, and was promoted to a fifteen-guinea fee on his arrival under Mr. Martin's care. The Russians cast longing glances upon him, as well they might, for his colour, carriage, and symmetry; but they could not be got to face the £3000 "bit," and left him to make such a name at the English stud as few have succeeded in making. An excellent judge has written of him:—"His frame and make are worthy of the study of an artist. In height he barely reaches 15 hands 2 inches, his girth is 6 feet 2 inches, and he measures from the point of the shoulder to his hind quarters 16 hands 3 inches, so that he is 5 inches longer than he is high. He is only 31½ inches from the brisket to the ground. Probably there is not in existence a horse on such short legs with so much length. In addition to this very strong and symmetrical frame, he possesses the finest temper, good colour, and an intelligent well set on head." In 1858, when his two-year-olds made their appearance, he could boast of nine winners, and his value as a blood sire became so apparent that he was quite the sheet-anchor of Rawcliffe, and from 15 guineas in 1856 his fee had reached 50 guineas in 1864. After this there was no occasion to advertise him, as his list was filled long before the "Calendar" issued its annual catalogue of sires and their locations. Breeders from all parts applied for a "slice" of Newminster, and Lord Clifden's St. Leger success placed him quite at the top of the tree among Fathers of the English Stud. Hermit subsequently further immortalised his name, and has already commenced a most prosperous stud career on his own account at Blankney. With his fillies Newminster has not been so fortunate, though Nemesis pulled him and her late eccentric owner through the One Thousand in Kettle-drum's year, and many of them have had a good "look in" while the great races of the year were being decided.

Newminster died at Rawcliffe in 1868, having attained the highest stud honours, and being held in the greatest esteem by his worshippers in the Ridings. In his latter years the foot fever grew worse and worse, and he seemed in pain, and half afraid to move at last. His feet assumed the most monstrous proportions, and all experiments with shoes and shoeing proved inefficacious. We remember inspecting after his death those fearfully and wonderfully made "irons," with which he was latterly encumbered, instruments more like huge metal clogs than the dainty shoe which circles the hoof of the thoroughbred. The ailment alluded to above seems to be in some degree hereditary, more than one of his descendants being cursed with it, and the art of the veterinarian has hitherto devised no relief.

Newminster's renown is not likely to suffer through his sons, of which nearly half a score hold prominent positions as Fathers of the English Stud. Adventurer perhaps takes more after the old horse than any of his other descendants, and is already so well known to fame that we need not dilate further upon his merits. Lord Clifden is certainly his biggest son, and the sire-ship of two St. Leger winners and innumerable other Turf celebrities are enough to stamp him as a success; while his hundred-guinea fee keeps him well employed at Dewhurst. Mr. Gee has disposed of that good but delicate horse Cambuscan to the Emperor of Austria, just as Camballo's star is in the ascendant; while Victorious, one of the best two-year-old performers "of any age or country," is getting some useful running stock at Middle Park. Hermit, for so young an aspirant to stud honours, has done wonders with his few mares, and his list for next season filled rapidly at Doncaster. Fifty guineas is his reception fee at Blankney for the future; and a like sum is demanded for the services of Cathedral at Newmarket, where he has been even better appreciated than in the North. Cardinal York is another horse for whom we entertain a very sincere respect, and is quite likely to do credit to Mr. Everitt's discernment in purchasing so good-looking and well-bred an animal with Turf credentials of a very high order. We all saw at Middle Park last summer what price breeders set upon Vespasian, seeing that Mr. Blenkiron had to give 3000 guineas for him; and at Tickhill Strathconan is filling Lord Scarborough's paddocks with greys, telling surely enough of the Chanticleer blood which flows in their veins from the Souvenir of Bishop Burton. Foreigners have sought after the Newminster strain no less eagerly than our own countrymen, and we have no space to enumerate the "Newminster horses" which foreign agents have been instructed to secure for governments or individuals. Neither can we dwell any longer upon the long list of distinguished names which have adorned the annals of the Turf, descendants of the "Rawcliffe pet."

In talking about Newminster mares, we fear to be treading on rather delicate ground, so much difference of opinion existing among breeders as to their merits as stud matrons. The cry has long been for "Newminster mares," but as yet we are bound to say that they have not achieved any remarkable successes. The correct "nick" may be found for them some day, but at present there seems to be a perfect glut of Touchstone blood in the country; a fact which, while it may speak volumes for the value of the family as race-horses, cuts quite the other way in overstocking the market with mares for which it is difficult to find the proper cross. Hence many have come to fight shy of Newminster mares, though the running blood is there surely enough, and merely requires patience and "faith in time" to ensure its development.

Running our eye down a list of a hundred odd mares, we can only halt at those of Aunt Hannah, dam of Bosworth; Borealis, Cerintha, Chanoinesse, Contadina, Lady Alice Hawthorn (dam of Thorn), The Mersey (mother of many "running" rivers—Shannon, Dart, Clyde, and Trent), Nemesis, and Sunnylocks. Others there are, such as Isilia, Gratitude, Inspiration, Crinon, Fairminster, Lady Hylda, The Orphan, Papoose, &c., for which enormous sums have been given as brood mares, without any very grand results as yet. Most of these Belgravian mothers show all the fine shape and exquisite quality of their sire, and may be reckoned among the patrician ladies of the "Stud Book." The late Mr. Blenkiron was almost as fond of them as of a slice of Boarding School Miss blood, and we thought we had never seen three finer mares led into a sale ring than Inspiration, Gratitude, and Papoose. There is still plenty of time for such as these to redeem a somewhat waning reputation, and it would be a thousand pities for such a distinguished family to pine away in the cold shade of opposition. The Birdecatcher line through Stockwell might suggest itself as a correct admixture with the Touchstone blood of Newminster mares; but so many of the "Emperor's" best sons have already a strain of it on their dams' side that such unions are well nigh impossible. Whatever may happen, there can be little danger of this branch of the family becoming extinct; and our hope is that it may revive and blossom again ere long, for good blood (like good folks) is scarce. The three great Turf families have become so intermingled that out of the

fusion it is difficult to trace out new lines; and we would fondly hope, though we cannot believe, that Captain Upton's mission to Arabia might result in the importation of some "desert-born," to further qualify the stocks of the "wondrous three" from which the British thoroughbred traces his descent.

* * In our notice of "Apology" in last week's paper, when talking of Holy Friar, we inadvertently stated his dam to be Mandragora. The sentence should have run thus: "We have a further instance of the 'nick' of Manganese's daughter, Thursday, with the Newminster family."

Review.

Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.—This serial continues to maintain its high status, and presents the usual array of interesting and amusing articles. The frontispiece is a masterpiece of steel engraving, by Mr. Joseph Brown, being an admirable portrait of Lord Granville, who may be said to have taken "a good degree" in all the many pursuits he has followed, including that of a sportsman, for he has always—notwithstanding the important rôle he has played in his diplomatic career—been an ardent disciple of St. Hubert. The magazine opens with an interesting biography of this courteous and distinguished statesman, who, although, never a racing man in the common acceptance of the term, always liked and does like a race. "Fond of all sports, hunting has been his chief amusement, and he has followed it in Italy, France, and Russia (to which latter country he went as Ambassador Extraordinary on the coronation of the present Emperor), as well as over the Pytchley pastures and the Berkshire heaths. He is fond of it still, for he goes out with the East Kent when he is at Walmer, and he generally manages a week or two in the Shires, where he is either the guest of Lord Spencer at Althorp, or of Mr. Bromley Davenport at Bagginton; and his is the friendly smile and his the pleasant greeting for the numerous acquaintances he meets at the covert side. He has shot with Victor Emmanuel and been an honoured guest at Compiègne, and it may interest our gentle Piscators to know that he killed his first salmon at the age of fifty-eight."

"Amphion," in "a lame apology," gives a lively and interesting account of the late Doncaster meeting, which although a matter of fact and straightforward description of sporting events, is written in a style that strongly reminds one of poor "Argus's" inimitable "horse-talk." "A Sporting Cruise in Sardinia" is interesting, then follows "Sport in the Far West," and "On the Rails," which latter is particularly amusing, giving a description of Rotten Row and the Park at different hours of the day during the season. The Van is as smartly written as ever, and we shall quote a couple of its racy anecdotes.

"A Bedfordshire linen-draper, noted for his love of pike-fishing, not long ago married a smart young damsel some forty years his junior, and all went 'merry as a marriage-bell' until, in a short time, an old habit of walking in his sleep recurred to the happy bridegroom. The spouse complained to her parents of the alarm this state of things caused her, for the good man had risen from his bed, cut the counterpane in two, then removed the principal portion of his night-garment, folded up the pieces, and, trying to replace the scissors in his imaginary waistcoat pocket, persisted by inquiring whether there was 'any other article?'"

"A Nonconformist preacher, travelling with a Gloucestershire auctioneer the other day, boasted of his power of oratory and the convictions he brought home to his flock, adding, 'We ministers all preach from texts as the clergy do, and pretty well to the same end—repentance.' 'Well,' replied the auctioneer, 'I have known a deuced deal more repentance arise in my auction-room than ever came out of your chapel, I'll answer for that.'"

THE MOTHERLESS FOX-CUBS.—It is well known that, whereas many benighted heathens worship many a comparatively sweet-scented animal, the Christian Englishman, especially if he be a country gentleman, venerates the fox. And, as the Vulpalia, or whatever be the more correct classical term, will soon be in full swing, it may be interesting to call to mind a singular occurrence, which will probably be new to the majority of the present generation. The occurrence alluded to is akin to a reversal of the process by which Romulus and Remus were, according to the myth, suckled and preserved to found old Rome. Only in this case there is no myth. It is a fact, "known to the late Sir John Honeywood" and possibly "verified by Sir Brook Brydges, Sir John Fagg, Captain H. Cotton, Captain W. Deeds, C. Delmar, Esq., Mr. W. White, and by most of the gentlemen of the East Kent Hunt," says our authority, that in the year 1829 an enthusiastic British matron, inspired by her more enthusiastic British husband, a "well-known earth-stopper," with a due regard for the sacred sport of foxhunting, and for the value of vulpine life, unless regularly forfeited after a fair "run," did suckle and rear three fox-cubs "until they were able to forage for themselves, when they were turned out, marked, and in after days afforded excellent runs to the much-loved sport." How it came about was thus: "Old Will," as the "earth-stopper" was called, was informed "that some malicious vulpecide had shot a vixen." Of course he immediately rent his clothes and put on sackcloth at the bare idea; but being unable to rest until he had satisfied himself of the horrible truth, he went to the spot indicated, and, as our authority says, in emphatic italics, "his fears were realised—she was dead!" But the grief and indignation of "Old Will" did not so dim his eyes with tears that he was blind to the interests of sport and forgot to observe that from the vixen's condition she must have cubs about somewhere. He knew her "earth;" he went to work, and in less than an hour he was rewarded with a prize; "three fine cubs," said he, "as ever my eyes see." He took them home to his wife, Nan, and said to her pathetically, "Here, if thee must gie suck, gie it to these here little poor cubs, they have had their mother killed by some d—n poacher or other." Nan at first showed some repugnance, and replied, "Na, na, not that; you had better wrop them up in these here old worsted stockings, and put them in the stock-hole in the chimney-corner, and that'll keep 'em warm." "Old Will" obeyed with a heavy heart, and went out, but hardly had he gone when "the kind-hearted Nan, hearing the plaintive cries of the distressed captives, took them into her lap," and treated them as if they had been her own babies. "Old Will" returned "sooner than she expected," and "caught her in the fact," and "the old man was in raptures." And so great a hold did the matter take upon the minds of sporting gentlemen that the scene was put upon canvas by a favourite sporting artist, who painted "a portrait of Old Will's wife in the extraordinary act of suckling a fox cub, which showed that the good dame had imbibed some portion of the blood of her varmint help-mate." The portrait is, no doubt, still in existence. What became of the vulpecide is not related; perhaps he emigrated to Germany, where, it is said (*horresco referens*), they do shoot foxes; and where, it is reported, a German nobleman (no less a personage, if gossip can be believed, than Prince von Bismarck), having shot a fox, and having listened to the consequent remonstrances and explanations of an astounded Englishman, answered carelessly, "Oh, ver well; then in my country I shall shoot him because he kill my birds, and in your country you shall break your neck over him."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications. Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

RACING does not seem as yet to have taken deep root among those dwelling in the "rich heart of the West" whose representative meeting has hitherto been that time-honoured gathering held upon Lansdowne, generally during the week preceding Epsom Summer races. Exeter once had her picturesque, trust for West Country turfites upon Haldon, where Mr. Merry would send one or two down from Russley for a friendly tussle with the astute Tom Parr, and where the red and yellow of "Teddy" Brayley made its mark in days gone by. Plymouth and Tiverton can hardly claim to take rank as anything more than mere holiday meetings, so that "lovely Devon, land of flowers and song," the only home in England of the wild red deer, and boasting of as adventurous a hunter race as ever drew rein in the shires, would seem to care but little for the allurements of racing. Even Sir Lydston Newman's magnificent stud at Mamhead could not galvanise the county of cleaves and combs into any enthusiasm in matters pertaining to the Turf; and its owner felt that the nurture of the thoroughbred, however congenial the soft climate of the West, excited but little sympathy or interest among those whose hearts beat truly enough to sport, but not the sport of kings. Cornwall, the sister county, has also stood aloof; though she can boast of such names as Falmouth and Vivian among her county families; and sets more store by the successors to Cann and Polkinghorne in the wrestling arena than by the high-mettled idol of the Yorkshireman. Perhaps the reason may be found in the scarcity of those stretches of green turf which other counties can boast of in greater abundance; but be this as it may, the fact remains of an apathy existing in places which only require an initiation into high-class sport thoroughly to appreciate its acknowledged attractions.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we have recently witnessed the establishment of a race meeting at Bristol, the success of which, though doubtless in its early stages due to managerial experience, must be attributed in no small degree to the local support of the city herself, and the surrounding magnates of that great county of which Bristol is the chief, though not the capital, town. We only wonder that the idea has not been carried out before, but Mr. Frail is not the man to take matters in hand precipitately, and the success of recent steeple-chase meetings on the banks of Avon doubtless gave him a sufficient pledge of the popularity likely to result from the introduction of flat racing. The Bristolians, since the decline of their town in mercantile importance many years ago, have possessed the character of shrewdness and caution; but since various branches of industry have sprung up to counteract the waning renown of Bristol as the great port of the West, a spirit of enterprise and liberality has been aroused among her citizens, which only required to be properly cultivated to enable racing to take root and flourish "root and branch" among them. There is still plenty of "sugar," in a double sense, left in Bristol to support a race meeting of the first importance, and though the Northern horses may not care to "cut in," the Newmarket contingent finds no difficulty in arraying its forces, while the Great Western Railway and its branches run through the very heart of Berkshire's most important training districts, and are equally convenient for the Hampshire and Wiltshire stables. If Bristol can hold its own in the disorganised week between Doncaster and Newmarket First October, what can there possibly be to militate against the assured success of a great spring meeting during the months of April or May?

The Bath Meeting has sadly languished of late years, and the time-honoured Somersetshire Stakes has so dwindled in importance as to be scarcely worthy of holding a place in a catalogue of great races of the year. It may have the excuse of closely preceding Epsom Summer, but then this cause did not militate against its success in former years, when John Day sent Trumpeter to compete in the Biennial, and Cape Flyaway and Northern Light came together to obtain lines for the owners of Thormanby and The Wizard. In these days of wealth and progress, it is but natural that local meetings should languish, not because of any inherent defects in their programmes, but because their day, like that of Stamford, has gone by, and former supporters are talking about the "more useful purposes" to which scenes, once sacred to the thoroughbred and his surroundings, may be advantageously applied. "One down and another up," however, is as true of the Turf as of a hundred other businesses and relaxations; and we have no doubt that Bristol will be an attractive centre for some time to come, even if

it does not take in the West the position occupied by York and Doncaster in the North. It may be all very well for the *Times* to talk about the necessity for local meetings having gone by, now that they have ceased to attract local horses and county families; but it should be remembered that it is the facilities for transmission in modern times which have added so largely to the interest of meetings once confined to horses from neighbouring stables. In England, gridironed with iron roads, the word "local" might as well be struck out of her vocabulary, and especially so far as racing is concerned; for if only the programme be made sufficiently attractive, there need be no fear of small fields and limited speculation. The latter shortcomings are rather signs of that system of management of which money-grubbing is a leading characteristic, and where everything is made subservient to the advantage of lessees and proprietors "spirited" only in a figurative sense.

The more first-class meetings of local importance which can be established, the better will it be for the future of the English Turf. Valuable horses can only be attracted to compete by the inducements held out of prizes worthy of their name and fame; and their presence in the entries acts as an effectual bar to the rubbish we see so frequently gathered together and dignified by the appellation of race-horses. Of course the smaller deer must have their chance at the best meetings, and there is no fear of their claims being overlooked by clerks of courses, who are bound to consider the requirements of all comers, and to regard sport from a cosmopolitan point of view. But it should be remembered that chicken handicaps and selling races comprise, after all, only the lighter portions of the entertainment, and that guests look forward to something more solid and satisfying to crown the banquet. Bristol, of course, like Shrewsbury, must be content to bide its time until fully established and appreciated, for we cannot expect to see a meeting, like Minerva from Jupiter's brain, spring forth fully supported and amply perfected even from the head of Mr. Manager Frail. When a centre of sport once becomes established, there is little difficulty in keeping it up, provided that pace be kept with the times, and that the purse-strings of liberality be not drawn. We need fear neither of these shortcomings at the hands of the Bristol authorities, whose fault it will certainly not be if the new venture is permitted to fall to the ground. Thus the reproach of a want of interest in our national pastime will be removed from dwellers "down West," and having advanced so far towards the Land's End, it will be strange indeed if sport does not extend its arms farther towards the wild moorlands of Devon and Cornwall.

THE LAYS OF THE DECCAN HUNT. No. II.

THE HOG-HUNTERS' SONG.

BY SIR CHARLES DOYLY.

AIR.—"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky."

AWAKE from your slumbers, for see in the east
A streak ushers in the bright morning,
Let us catch the fierce boar ere he comes from his feast,
Nor wait while Aurora is dawning.

Our horses neigh!
Come—quick away,
Our spurs are sharp
Come, no delay,—

Dash onward, my boy, dash onward, dash onward,
I'll warrant you joy, I'll warrant, I'll warrant—
See there to the left a wide plain meets the eye,—
If we be in that bottom a stinker shall die.
Yoicks forward! yoicks forward! we soon shall be there,
Yoicks forward! yoicks forward! the sport will be rare.

By the side of a *jeel*, where the paddy is ripe,
We quickly encounter a grunter,—
A "Tally Ho!" sounds in an emulous pipe,
And thrills through the heart of each hunter.

Which way? which way?
Each voice demands,
There, there he takes
Yon sloping lands,—

I'll press him, what sport! I'll press him, I'll press him,
Do you cut him short, cut short, cut short—
Have a care, or he'll fly for yon jungle of reed—
Be quick, for he's off with an antelope's speed.
Tally Ho! Tally Ho! see we gain on his track,
Tally Ho! Tally Ho! ride on, my dear Jack.

For a mile and a half we dash over the plains,
Our horses and riders all panting,
Each step that we take on our enemy gains,
And the boar in his speed is found wanting.

He wheels about
With sudden ire,
Rage flashes from
His eyes of fire,—

He charges, hoo! hoo! he charges, he charges,
He'll cut me, hoo! hoo! he'll cut me, he'll cut me—
I've tickled him up on one side of his bristle—
My spear has gone through him as clean as a whistle—
Tally Ho! Tally Ho! see he sinks to the ground,
Tally Ho! Tally Ho! the deep jungles resound.

Around the huge boar now the hunters all fly,
To end the hard fate of old grunter,
They cheerfully see their fierce enemy die,
And welcome each zealous hog-hunter,

When he who quickest
Rode the race
Is hailed the champion
Of the chase,—

Well hunted, my boy, well hunted, well hunted,
We all give you joy, all joy, all joy—
Sure ne'er can your sportsmen in England compare
To this their dull chase of a fox or a hare.
Tally Ho! Tally Ho! come away for more fun,
Tally Ho! Tally Ho! for another good run.

Athletic Sports.

WE extract the following paragraph from *The Sportsman* of Saturday last:—"A match has lately been made, and now seems likely to be brought to an issue, between Mr. John Potter, of London, and Mr. W. L. Clague, of Stockport, to run 300 yards for a cup value £60, at the Royal Oak Park, Manchester, on Saturday, October 24. Both gentlemen are noted for their speed, and their meeting will undoubtedly create a good deal of excitement in the athletic world. Mr. Harry Lang, of the Fountain Inn, Manchester, holds £10 each, which is to be made into £20 a side this (Saturday) evening. Mr. P. Berry, of the White Bear Hotel, Manchester, has been appointed referee, and Mr. J. Roper, of Salford, starter." Comment is almost superfluous. Matches between amateurs should be encouraged as much as possible; but when money is staked with one publican, and another is appointed referee, we fail to see that the flimsy pretext of "a cup" makes it certain that the performers will not be regarded as professionals. At any rate, should Messrs. Potter and Clague again wish to run amongst gentlemen, we should not be surprised if they experience some difficulty in getting their entries accepted.

Billiards.

PROFESSIONAL players are unusually active this year, and it seems that we are to have no "close time." Tom Taylor has organised a handicap which will be played at Pursell's, Cornhill, on Monday, October 19th, and five following days, the first prize being a silver cup of the value of £30, and the second a handsomely fitted cue case. The games will be 500 up, and the last two men left in will play the best of three games. The following is the handicap:—

T. Taylorscratch	W. Dufftonreceives	125
S. W. Stanley" 25	D. Wilson" 125	
F. Bennettreceives	F. Symes" 150	
H. Evans" 50	C. Goodwin" 150	
G. Collins" 50	J. W. Hart" 150	
John Bennett" 50	F. Shorter" 175	
D. Richards" 75	C. Smith" 175	
G. Hunt" 100	H. Stenning" 200	

It seems a hazardous task to attempt to pick out the winner, but Taylor is in such great form just now that we fancy he possesses an immense chance, and shall go for him alone.

QUAIL.—This mare has left Saunders's stables and joined Matthew Dawson's string at Newmarket.

THE GREAT EASTERN HANDICAP.—The duration of this race, as taken by Benson's chronograph, was 1min. 21½sec.

MR. HARRY BAXTER, well known in the racing circles, was one of those injured in the railway accident at Hereford last Saturday.

PIRATE (2 yrs.) was sold to Mr. Pooley for 115 guineas after winning the Edgware Two-year-old Plate at Hendon on Saturday last.

LORD FALMOUTH has disposed of Blanchefleur to Mr. Chaplin (it is reported) for £700, and the filly has joined G. Bloss's string at Newmarket.

ARTILLEUR.—This horse, after winning the Selling Sweepstakes at Newmarket on Tuesday, was sold to Captain Machell for 200 guineas.

STORK HOUSE STABLES, Lambourne, have been taken by Humphreys, who removed his horses there on Saturday last. Jarvis has taken the stabling vacated by Humphreys.

PILOT.—It has been found necessary to destroy this six-year-old horse, by Marley Hill out of Moor Game, who broke down badly in the Champagne Stakes at Ayr on Wednesday last.

LITTLE JOHN (4 yrs.), by Young Dutchman out of Gayous, was bought by the Hon. G. Montgomerie for 250 guineas after his race in the Corinthian Handicap Plate at Ayr on Thursday last.

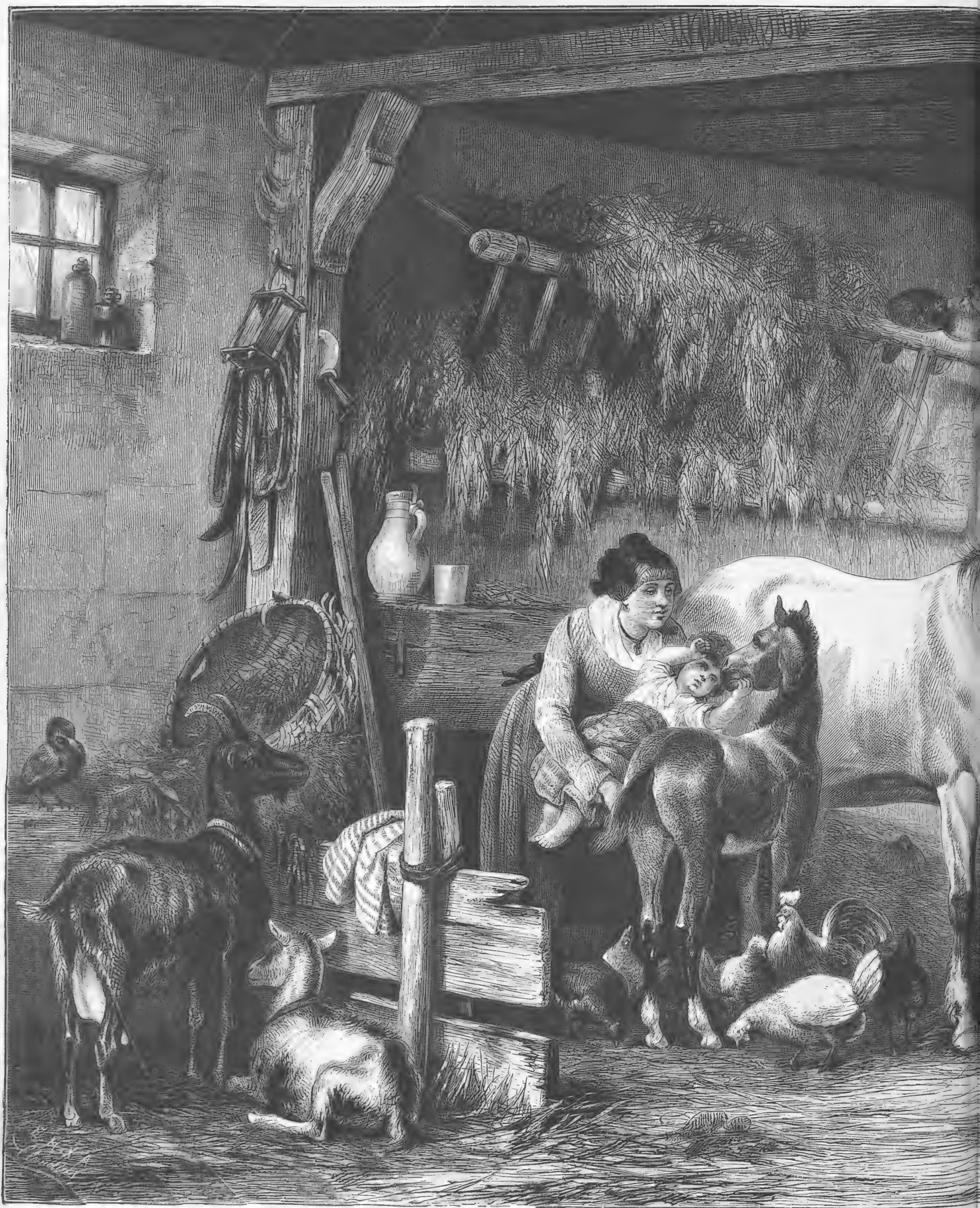
GEORGE KILLICK, of Murrell Green, Winchfield, Hants, requests us to state that he is not the jockey of the same name who has recently been reported as having stabbed a cabman in Paris.

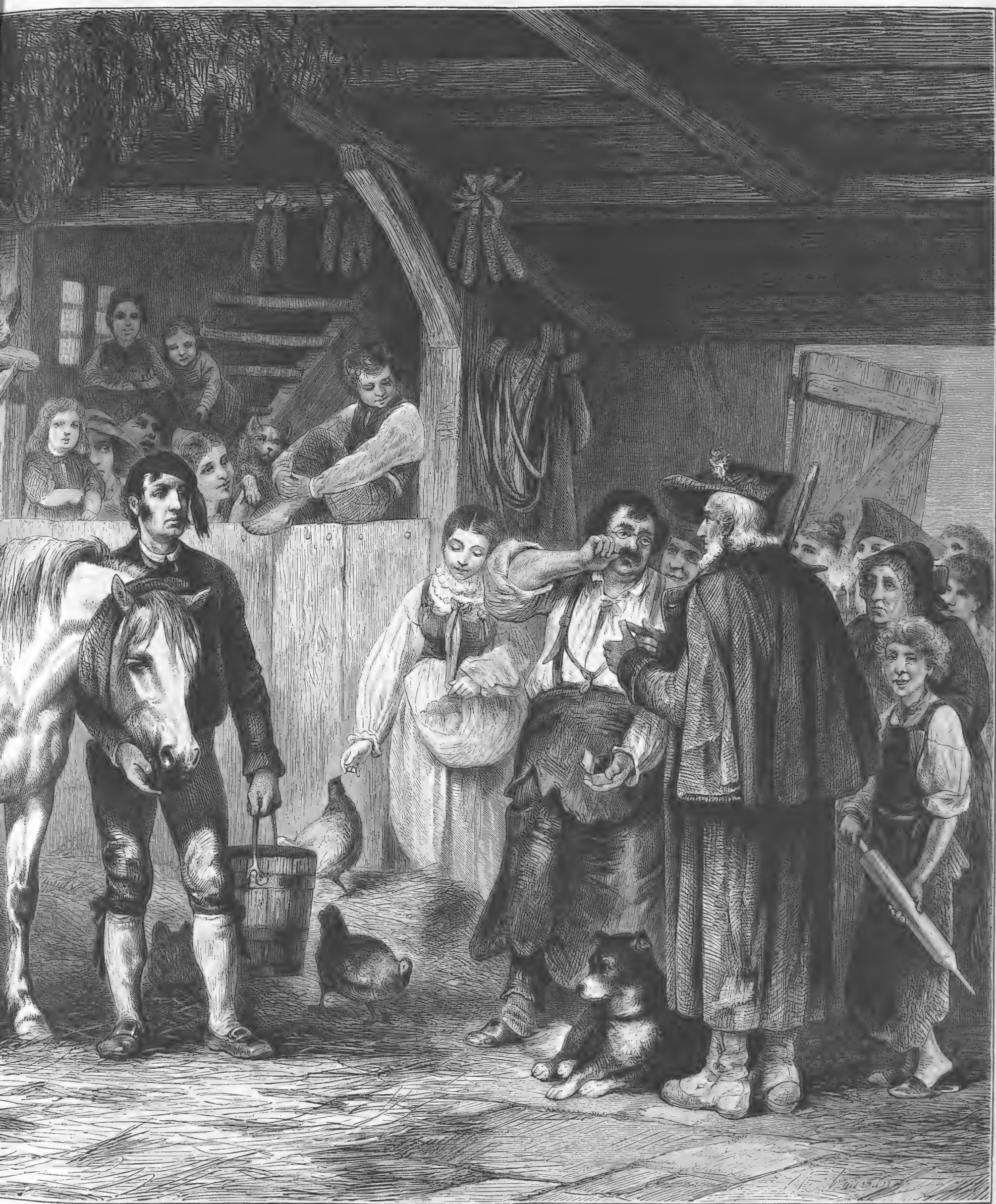
MESSRS. A. H. BAILY & Co., of Cornhill, who have published an admirable series of some of our most famous race-horses, have given a commission to Mr. Harry Hall, of Newmarket, to paint a portrait of Apology, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, which in due course will be published and added to their justly celebrated gallery.

NEWGROVE, DUBLIN, STEEPLE-CHASES.—This Irish meeting came off on Monday, in the presence of a large company and favoured by beautiful weather. In a Match, Chatterbox beat Pretty Girl. The favourite, Oiltram Girl, by Plum Pudding, won the Challenge Cup, beating four others by half a length. The Farmers' Race fell to Sybil by half a head, defeating five others. The 100 Sovs. Handicap was secured by Lady Spencer, by Solon out of Toggery, from two others. The Arran Cup was won by the filly by Prince Arthur out of Great Eastern, and the colt by Trumpeter out of May Bell carried off the Selling Race.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—At the suggestion of some influential supporters of the Turf, the directors of the Alexandra Palace Company have altered the disposition of the race-course by moving the winning post one hundred yards, thereby securing the great desideratum of a straight half-mile run-in. In connection with the trotting ring, which has been formed on the American plan, the directors have made an enclosed paddock, and erected on it a Grand Stand, capable of accommodating 300 persons. Negotiations are also proceeding with Messrs. Sparrow and Charles Spencer for the establishment of a gymnasium on a piece of land adjacent to the race-course. It is intended that this shall be open without charge for the use of visitors to the Palace, and the reputation of Messrs. Sparrow and Spencer is a guarantee that it will be of the most complete and perfect description. The above arrangements will render the race-course at the Alexandra Palace, with its adjuncts, one of the most attractive places in this country for sport and athletic exercises.

THE "A.D.P." PIPE.—The popularity of briar-root pipes, especially for travellers, sportsmen, and all who like to enjoy a smoke out of doors, is easily accounted for. Sweeter and pleasanter than any other pipe, except perhaps the very finest clays, they are free from the ever present danger of these latter of being suddenly rendered useless by a fall or accidental knock, which may leave the unfortunate possessor deprived of his smoke in the midst of a moor, in a railway carriage, or on a country road. But "briars," like meerschaum, differ much in quality, and it is greatly to be regretted that many, even of some favourite brands, are of varying excellence. The only one which is always the same, so far as the briar-root is concerned, is the "A.D.P.," which varies in price according to size and carving and mouth-piece, but whether this latter be amber, ivory, horn, or bone, whether the cost be a shilling or a pound, the quality of the briar-root is always to be depended on for durability and sweetness, and as we, like Mr. Spurgeon, have a weakness for the Indian weed, we confess we know no pleasanter companion on a road than an "A.D.P."





HORSE DOCTOR.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM the time I first sailed a toy boat at Bognor, in the gullies left when the tide was receding, to the year 1866, when I owned the *Loadstar* cutter of 48 tons, I passed a great portion of my spare time upon the water. Since the latter period, I have enjoyed many a delightful sail in the *Arrow*, the *Zouave*, the *Zara*, the *Iolanthe*, the *Zuleika*, the *Mars*, and other vessels belonging to my friends, and only regret that I have not a craft of my own. I began with the *Antagonist* of 25 tons; then the *Helen*, in which I won a silver cup, steering myself, for it was stipulated that owners were to steer their own vessels; then the *Maid of the Mist*, 32 tons, and last, not least, the *Loadstar*, which, after sailing in her for five years, I sold to the Admiralty as a surveying vessel.

But my prowess as a yachtsman merits no notice; I shall therefore turn to others, far more worthy of a place in your columns, and commence with recording a gallant action performed by a yacht owner many years ago. Mr. Sturt, at an early period of his life, entered the naval service, and was placed on board the flagship commanded by Admiral Digby, where he had as a messmate Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence and William IV. Whether it was some point of duty, some real or supposed instance of arrogance, I know not; but certainly a dispute took place between young Sturt—who, though not the elder son, became heir to the estates—and the Prince. With true English spirit the son of the Dorsetshire magistrate determined not to yield to the son of the King, and challenged his Royal Highness to a pitched battle. The fight was accordingly decided below in the cock-pit of the *Prince George*, and Sturt was proclaimed the victor. How long he remained in the Navy, I know not, but he never attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant; other hopes sprang up, and other scenes awaited him, for in 1784 he was returned M.P. for Bridport.

His residence at Branksea Castle, near Poole, afforded him opportunities of gratifying his passion for that element on which he had spent the earliest and happiest hours of his life, and he accordingly bought a small yacht, in which during the summer months he made frequent excursions. On the 2nd of February, 1799, during a heavy gale of wind, a vessel was driven on shore at Poole, and there being no life-boat, and no assistance of any kind to be had, the crew was in the most imminent danger of perishing. At this critical moment, regardless of his own preservation, and only thinking of the unhappy situation of the poor wretches who were liable to be washed away by every succeeding wave, Mr. Sturt, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, went off in his own boat, and, after a perilous but successful attempt, brought the master and men safe to land. The Romans were accustomed to decree a civic crown for the preservation of the life of a citizen, and the Humane Society, an institution which does honour to England, as a reward for Sturt's benevolent intrepidity, presented him with a gold medal, on which the following inscription was engraved:—

“Carlo Sturt, Armigero
S. B.
Ob vitas ex Fluctibus ereptas.
1799.”

It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Sturt, within the short space of nineteen months, was himself rescued, and that, too, by the captain and crew of a merchantman, from a watery grave. As his seat was in the vicinity of Weymouth, he was frequently accustomed, during the residence of George III. and the royal family there, to make aquatic excursions in company with them. On Saturday, September 20, 1800, his Majesty, with the Queen, having repaired on board the *Cambrian*, the *St. Fiorenzo* and *Syren* immediately saluted the royal standard, and at ten o'clock the three frigates slipped their cables, and stood out to sea on the larboard, now called port tack; on this a multitude of vessels as usual followed, among which was Mr. Sturt's yacht. The breeze being extremely light, he was enabled to sail round the *Cambrian*. At half past ten, having perceived Mr. Wild's cutter beating to windward, and being desirous of trying his speed with her, Mr. Sturt bore down, and soon found that she fore-reached his vessel, chiefly owing, as he supposed, to his boat being towed astern; but as the sea now ran too high to attempt hoisting her in, he struck his topmast, and made all snug. About eleven o'clock, at the distance of two leagues from land, after the frigates had worn and stood in for the bay, finding that Mr. Wild's craft had still the superiority, he ordered one of his crew to jump into the boat, and carry her to Weymouth, being assured that in this case he should at least have a fair trial with his rival. The man, however, being fully aware of the danger, first hesitated and then refused; on this, turning round to the crew, Sturt addressed them as follows: “You, my lads, have known me long enough to be satisfied I would not order any of you to do what I would not do myself, therefore reef the sail, ship the mast, and I will go myself.” On this snatching up a pocket compass, he dropped into the boat, and ordered the master to steer in search of Mr. Wild's vessel.

I shall take the remainder of this singular and sensational narrative from his own recital:—“I hoisted my sail and steered N.N.E. to get clear of the Shambles, found a considerable sea running, but nothing but what the boat would weather with ease. A very strong ebb-tide carried me to the westward, and on to the Shambles, which I wished to avoid; put before the wind, but being under a very low sail, could not stem the tide; dared not quit the helm to let the reefs out of the sail for fear of broaching to, the tide hauling me dead on the Shambles, where the sea was running tremendously high, breaking horribly, and no time to be lost. Sensible of my danger, and to make my boat as lively as possible, threw overboard my ballast. The dismal sound of the breakers I began to hear, and soon saw them right ahead. Soon a dreadful sea, all foaming, took my boat on her larboard quarter, steered a-weather my helm; she lost her steerage way, broached to, upset, and overwhelmed me, the waves rolling over and over. Recovering from my alarm, I swam to my boat, which was lying on her broadside, and with difficulty got into her. After this I began to consider what could be done, no sail near me, about fifteen miles from the nearest land. Repeatedly washed off and buried in the waves, I knew I could not survive much longer. I then recollected that fishermen, when caught in a gale, frequently let a spar or a mast fastened to their boat's painter go a-head, and the spar broke the force of the waves before they came to the boat. I accordingly took my boat's painter, passed it over and under the after-thwart. In accomplishing this, I was frequently buried under the waves for many seconds, and they following each other so repeatedly my breath was nearly gone. About three o'clock I saw two sail near me about a mile to leeward; no exertion of mine, I knew, could make them hear me, so made none. About a quarter past four a brig came within half a mile, hailed her, moving my hands and using every possible means for her crew to see me. I succeeded. I saw her men go up the main-shrouds, and the crew stand close together, but she passed me without offering to lend me the smallest assistance. About half past four, I saw eight sail to windward.

At five, three or four ships passed me without seeing me, or my being able to make them hear, the sea running high and breaking violently; three more passed me close to windward, my voice being too feeble to be heard. I reserved my strength for the only two of the eight that had not passed me. A brig came by, I hailed her, lifted up my hands, and fortunately I observed they saw me, for her men went up aloft to see what I was; they then tacked and stood towards me, but did not hoist a boat out; this alarmed me; having been some hours before passed by one unfeeling wretch. I almost gave myself up to despair; there was only one more vessel to pass; it was nearly dark, a dismal sea, and within two miles of Portland Race; if this passed me, all was over. I roused myself on this occasion, and hailed her; stood on the boat's bottom, was washed off; got on her again, and was again washed off; however, life was desirable, so long as I saw a chance of being saved. After struggling again and again, I was discovered by some of the soldiers. I saw there was a bustle on board her; I saw men running up the rigging, and shortly after a boat let down. At that instant I was agitated, my firmness seemed to forsake me, for I burst into a flood of tears, and was seized with a violent retching from the quantity of salt water I had swallowed. As the boat approached, I recovered; when she came near, the sea being very high, I desired them not to come broadside to, but stern on. I untied my trousers and threw them into the boat, and endeavoured to spring in myself, but was unable; the crew pulled me in by my legs.”

Notwithstanding the danger and fatigue he had experienced during the five hours and a half he had been exposed to the naked sea, Mr. Sturt, with his wonted skill and gallantry, steered the boat, which had thus snatched him from inevitable destruction, together with its crew, through a heavy sea, and laid her alongside. On getting on board the vessel, which was lying to for him, he found her to be the brig *Middleton*, Captain Rankin, with Colonel Jackson and a detachment of the 85th Regiment of Foot on board. About eight o'clock they entered Portland Roads, and at nine Mr. Sturt, went on shore. After dressing himself, he repaired to the Esplanade, and was congratulated by their Majesties, the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland, and all his friends, who imagined that the little boat to which he had entrusted himself had gone down, but, indeed, without this having occurred, his escape was in every point of view singular in the extreme; for not only was night fast approaching, but in half an hour more his destruction would have been inevitable, as his limbs were benumbed, while a violent pain in his side, a dizziness in his head, and an inclination to sleep, were the forerunners of that death which in a few minutes more most certainly awaited him. After taking the necessary refreshments, and recovering from his bruises, his weakness, and his agitation, Mr. Sturt determined to testify his gratitude. He accordingly repaired on board the brig in company with Colonel Jackson, and distributed fifty guineas among the ship's crew. To Captain Rankin he presented ten guineas and a silver cup, while John Jones, John Dayley, James Napier, and John Woodman, the four men who had ventured in the boat, received five guineas each. I have omitted to mention that at one moment, when the danger was most imminent, Sturt took a valuable diamond watch of his wife's out of his fob, tied it securely round the waistband of his trousers, pulled them off, and tied them round the short of the boat; when he had done that, he made a running-knot with the painter, intending to put it round him in his last moments, that as the boat, as the wind was, would be driven near his house at Bridport, his watch and seal might lead to the discovery of who he was. Had the Albert Medal then existed, Sturt would assuredly have received it, no man ever merited it more.

(To be continued.)

FOXHUNTING IN IRELAND SOME YEARS AGO.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

(Continued from page 707.)

DURING the few years which intervened between my departure from and return to Ireland, I had exchanged into the Light Dragoons, and obtained my troop a few days before the arrival of the regiment at Newbridge, where we were quartered for the winter. Although I took the opportunity of visiting my old acquaintance, Jack Grennon and the Meath Hounds, whenever their meets lay at all within reasonable distance, I now, as a rule, patronised the Kildares, as they hunted in more immediate vicinity to Newbridge. Their country was not so difficult as Meath. There were fewer double-hedged ditches. The fences were firm, and consequently more easily dealt with—while the great extent of splendid pasture lands was everything that could be desired, both by steed and rider, for a gallop over. At that time Sir John Kennedy was the master, a good sportsman, who, when on a favourite white grey hunter called “Game Cock,” always kept his place at the tail of the pack. But he was not by any means a popular master, as he had a crochety temper and rough manners. He however well understood his duties, and always afforded fair sport to his supporters. There were some dashing riders to be found following the Kildares, who performed daring feats of horsemanship which were almost appalling. Robin Aylmer of Painstown, a then celebrated sportsman, was generally mounted on a thoroughbred brown stallion, called “Ranunculus,” a marvellous fencer, whose good qualities were however marred by a most diabolical temper. He was always led out “twitched,” to enable his rider to mount, who, when once in the saddle, was obliged to remain there at the peril of his life until similar precautions were taken on his return home to allow him to alight, for so great was the antipathy of the brute towards his master that he invariably attempted to attack him with the most savage ferocity whenever he had a chance. It was then the custom for the members of the hunt to test the quality of the officers of every newly arrived regiment, and, as a matter of course, we of the — had to go through this ordeal. The fields were never inconveniently large, for at that time few of the farmers or shopkeepers ever followed hounds, and the crowding and difficulties in getting off which the real sportsmen now encounter in this country, when the meets are held in the neighbourhood of the large manufacturing towns, where everyone who possesses a horse turns out to exhibit himself as a foxhunter, without having the slightest knowledge of the sport, were never experienced. For this reason the Kildare fields were select, and for the most part composed of men who knew what they were about and how to do it. In a fortnight after our arrival, to give us time to have our horses in good condition, the Kildares met at the covert nearest the barracks, and the officers, myself amongst them, all well mounted, rode out with a firm determination of proving our mettle. It was easy to see when we reached the covert side that our pluck was about to be put to the test. Some thirty red coats on splendid weight carriers were assembled to meet us, surrounded by a crowd of peasants, who seemed in a perfect state of excitement as to the trial of horsemanship which they knew must take place between their popular squires and the military strangers. We were received with the greatest courtesy and kindness. Our turn-out seemed to make a favourable impression, and a strange sort of fellow called “Sugu,”—whose acquaintance we afterwards cultivated to his great advantage—made a minute survey of our nags and appointments, and then delivered his opinion of our merits to the bystanders. He wore

an old red coat, a battered hat, and was without shoes, stockings, or necktie to give him freedom of motion. He deserved his *sobriquet*, which, translated, meant “Muddled,” from the fact that he was never either stupidly drunk or actually sober. He knew the country so well, and was so speedy of foot, that he managed to be up at every check, and always in at the death. The fox broke in the midst of well maintained silence, and the hounds burst from the covert with a crash of music which electrified both men and horses. Amongst the local gentlemen was Robin Aylmer, and having heard so much about both himself and his steed, I determined on attaching myself to him as a safe guide in an unknown country, and also with the full intention of trying to equal, if not to rival, him if I could. The pack was allowed to settle to their game before a man stirred, and then the master and whips taking the lead, we followed.

We had a fine run, with occasional slow hunting, which was not only agreeable both to men and horses, as it enabled them to recover their wind, but afforded an opportunity of appreciating the merits of the hounds, which can never be fairly estimated when they are sailing away in full cry on a burning scent. Aylmer rode as close to the pack as propriety permitted, and he no sooner remarked that I continued to follow in his wake, and evinced a determination to stick to his skirts, than he tried to bring me to grief by leading me into difficulties. He took the largest fences, when he might have quite as well kept his ground by taking smaller ones, and after getting over safely invariably looked back to watch my proceedings. When unable “to pound me,” he evidently appeared disappointed, but still continued his reckless riding without being able to shake me off. The chase was so long that the great bulk of those present at the break were already disposed of. One of the whips, Aylmer, and myself only were well up, when we came suddenly in view of a canal as wide as a river, which lay before us. The fox took the “soil,” the hounds following him in full cry, when Aylmer, turning in his saddle, and crying to me, “Now then, for it,” dashed, to my horror, at a “lock” which was just before him. His horse started from a platform of roughly chiselled flags, and landed safely on the other side on similar footing. A crowd of peasants gave a cheer, and wished long life to his Honour, and I, having pulled my horse off, stood in mute astonishment, when “Sugu,” rushing by, shouted, “Bravo, Master Robin, the devil himself couldn't beat you,” and then running over a board, which afforded passage to foot people, he waved his canteen round his head, and most politely wished me a good morning. I have since then hunted much, and in various countries, but never have I seen any man attempt to take such a jump as Aylmer rode over that day. The empty lock was twenty-two measured feet in the clear, and thirty feet in depth, lined all through with granite, and had the horse failed in covering it, inevitable death must have been the fate of both steed and rider. A bridge concealed by a plantation was close at hand, and passing over it, the whip and I arrived just as Aylmer had secured the brush in the headstall of his bridle. He rode up to me—for he durst not alight—and, shaking me cordially by the hand, complimented me on my pluck, and said jocosely, “That when I became accustomed to ‘canal locks’ he was sure they would not stop me.”

The following morning “Sugu” paid a personal visit to the barracks, to compliment us on our conduct in the field, and from him we learned that, although I bore away the palm, the deserts of every one of my brother officers present were duly recognised. He assured us that we had won the good opinion not only of the gentlemen, but of the people, and that we might depend on being protected from harm, and hospitably entertained—an assurance which was afterwards fully realised during our stay in the country. Although there was then almost always a follower of “Sugu's” description—and similarly rigged out—attached to every pack of Irish foxhounds, he was, unquestionably, the most witty rascal and most devoted sportsman of the genus that it was my good fortune to come in contact with. A story was related of him by a gentleman who dined at our mess, and the incident, well known to be true, is calculated to give an idea of his passion for sport and the risks he was prepared to run for the purpose of witnessing and applauding some daring stroke of horsemanship. There is a celebrated water-jump called the “Lock of the Bay” in the Kildare country, and whenever the wind indicated that the fox was likely to run in the direction which would necessitate its being crossed, at the only place it was “negotiable,” “Sugu” always took care to be present to witness the performance. The more accurately to witness the prowess of both horse and rider, he was accustomed to lie on his back on a dry spot under the bank, on the side from which it was taken, applauding each rider that passed over him as their conduct seemed to merit. Being so located on the occasion alluded to, Sir John Kennedy came first, when “Sugu” exclaimed, “Well done, yer Honour.” The redoubted Aylmer followed, when he cried, “Master Robin, you're the Pricybe!” but the dashing Surgeon-General Crampton, afterwards Sir Philip, coming at the same moment with a rush, and passing Aylmer in their flight, “Sugu” sprang to his feet overcome with enthusiasm, and shouted at the top of his voice, “Nothing can beat you, my bould Phil; that I may never die till you take a leg off me.”

Both the Meath and Kildare Hounds sometimes went beyond bounds and took up their quarters in an outlying town—the surrounding country not being hunted by any established pack. There was on such occasions an “ordinary,” but the proceedings were of a very commonplace description; and it was curious—as an exemplification of the change of habits and manners in the sportsmen of that day, as compared with their predecessors of a former generation—to hear the almost contemptuous manner in which they were spoken of by the old hangers-on of the hotel, who related with raptures and regret the glories of past times, “when gentlemen acted as such, and if they happened to break a head in their jollifications were sure to repay liberally for their amusement;” when the Duke of Rutland, then Viceroy, made his sporting excursions, and not unfrequently knighted his host of the inn, when *Bacchi plenus*, as an acknowledgment of the excellence of the entertainment provided for him; and when Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, a distinguished *bon vivant*, having heard of the bibulous capacity of the members of the “Benison Club”—who met once a quarter for a week at Castlepollard, in the County Westmeath—determined to ascertain their pre-eminence in that respect from his own personal experience. He accordingly sent a challenge, which was duly accepted. The test of their endurance determined upon between the contending parties was that, after drinking all night with occasional relays of devilled turkey legs, they should at daylight divest themselves of evening dress and, donning scarlet, proceed to cover without once going to bed. The last holder out to be the victor. Although the “Benisons” were seasoned men, the Colonel had polished off all competitors save one, a Mr. O'Reilly, on Friday morning; but when coming downstairs on Saturday morning, after making his toilette scarcely able to crawl, he found the Titan dancing merrily with the servant girls to the music of a drunken piper, he gave in, declaring that his vanquisher was the only man he ever met who could drink for six nights and hunt for six days consecutively, and then be able to stand on his legs and foot a jig with the housemaid.

(To be continued.)

Races Past.

PARIS AUTUMN MEETING.

THIRD DAY.

SUNDAY, September 27.—**PRIX DE LA LOIRE** of 80 sovs; weight for age, selling allowances. One mile and a half.

Mr. J. R. Hennessy's ch c Cognac, by Marksman—Anisette II., 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (£200).....	Flint	1
Count de Berteux's ch c Idem, 8st 12lb (£60).....	Gradwell	2
Mr. C. Thorp's br c Monopole, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (£200).....	Wheeler	3
M. Lupin's Ajol, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb (£60).....	Hudson	0
M. E. Fould's Militaire, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (£60).....	Storr	0
Mr. Davis's Aragon, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£60).....	Handley	0
Mr. Thorp's Jaguar, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£60).....	Kelly	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Ajol, 4 to 1 agst Cognac, 9 to 2 agst Militaire, and 6 to 1 agst Monopole.

Ajol made the running, followed by Idem till half a mile from home, when Idem went in front, but was passed on coming into the straight by Cognac, who went on and won in a canter. Aragon made play to the distance, when Cognac rushed to the front, and won in a canter by two lengths, double that distance separating second and third. Wild Monarch (£120) was claimed before the race by M. E. Fould, and the winner was claimed by Count d'Evry for 308 sovs.

PRIX DE MADRID of 160 sovs; weight for age. One mile and a half.

M. Desvignes's br c Androcles, by Dollar—Alabama, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb.....	Carratt	1
M. Prat's b c Mansart, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb.....	A. Watkins	2
M. Robin's b f Ferniere, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb.....	Gradwell	3
Mr. T. Carter's b f Declaration, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb.....	Hudson	0
M. de Gernon's b c Angelus, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb.....	Edwards	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Androcles, 5 to 1 agst Mansart, and 7 to 1 agst Declaration.

Mansart led to the enclosure, where the favourite came out, and won in a canter by four lengths, fifteen lengths separating the second and third.

GRAND CRITERIUM of 400 sovs, for two-year-olds; entrance 10 sovs each, 8 ft (if declared); colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 5lb. One mile. 39 subs, 23 of whom declared.

Mr. Davis's b c Perleux, by Vermout—Péripétie, 8st 7lb.....	Handley	1
M. Lefèvre's ch f Régale, by Trumpeter—Regalia, 8st 5lb.....	Kelly	2
Major Fridolin's b c Macaron, by Ferragus—Mathilde, 8st 7lb.....	C. Pratt	+

Mr. Henry's br f Flamen, by Ruy Blas—La Dorette, 8st 5lb.....	Child	+
M. Delatre's b f Tyrolienne, 8st 5lb.....	Carratt	5
Baron de Rothschild's b c Mirabeau, 8st 7lb.....	Wheeler	0
Mr. Henry's b f Peau d'Ane, 8st 5lb.....	Edwards	0
M. E. Fould's b c Gacher, 8st 7lb.....	Hunter	0
M. A. Fould's ch c Lustruc, 8st 7lb.....	Heslop	0
M. Delatre's br f Parempuyre, 8st 5lb.....	Flint	0
Mr. H. Jennings's b c Le Veinard, 8st 7lb.....	Watkins	0
M. Delamarre's b f Verte Allure, 8st 5lb.....	Carver	0
M. Lupin's ch f Pensicola, 8st 5lb.....	Hudson	0

Betting: 4 to 1 agst Régale, 9 to 2 agst Macaron, 6 to 1 agst Flamen, 8 to 1 agst Tyrolienne, 10 to 1 agst Perleux, and 100 to 7 agst Pensicola.

The lot got away to a straggling start at the first attempt, the favourite showing the way to her opponents, and having all settled at the distance with the exception of her conqueror, who came away, and won easily by three lengths, a length separating the dead heaters for third place from Régale.

PRIX DE ST. CLOUD (handicap) of 400 sovs; entrance 12 sovs each, 8 ft if declared on September 25, and 4 ft if declared on August 1; winners extra. Two miles and a half. 40 subs, 15 of whom paid 4 sovs each, and 14 paid 8 sovs.

M. Aumont's ch f Mlle. de Juvigny, by Vermout—La Fortune, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb.....	A. Watkins	1
Baron Rothschild's b c Capote, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb.....	Kelly	2
M. Lupin's ch h Nethou, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb.....	Hudson	3
M. Miller's b c Wild Boy, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb.....	Gradwell	4
M. André's Reine de Saba, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb.....	Carratt	0
M. Delamarre's Verone, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb.....	Carver	0
M. de la Charme's Piston, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb.....	Handley	0
Baron Finot's Nestor II., 7st 13lb.....	Hunter	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Verone, 5 to 1 agst Mlle. de Juvigny, 100 to 15 agst Nethou, 8 to 1 agst Reine de Saba, and 12 to 1 agst Capote.

Mlle. de Juvigny led from start to finish, and won in a canter by six lengths; Nethou easing up, being a bad third, and Wild Boy fourth. The favourite, pulling up lame, was last.

PRIX DE VILLEBON of 200 sovs, for three-year-olds. One mile and a half.

M. Lupin's ch f Perla, by Dollar—Pergola, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb.....	Hudson	1
M. Lefèvre's Poudrière, 8st 6lb.....	Kelly	2
Mr. H. Jennings's b c Premier-Mai, 8st 9lb.....	Carratt	3
Baron Rothschild's b c Bièvre, 9st 2lb.....	Wheeler	4
M. Aumont's ch c Pent-ère, 8st 9lb.....	A. Watkins	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Perla, 2 to 1 agst Premier-Mai, and 4 to 1 agst Bièvre.

In the straight run in Poudrière headed Premier-Mai, and held the lead till within the distance, when Perla came out, and won easily by two lengths, the same distance separating the second and third.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE GREAT EASTERN HANDICAP DAY.

TUESDAY, September 29.—**GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES** of 50 sovs each, for three-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 6lb; winners extra; the second saved his stake. A.F. (1 mile 2 furlongs 73 yards). 14 subs.

M. Lefèvre's b c Novateur, by Monarque—Mlle. de Chantilly, 8st 10lb.....	Fordham	1
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch c Leolinus, 8st 10lb.....	T. Osborne	2

Betting opened at 6 to 5 on Novateur, and closed at 11 to 10 on Leolinus. The former cut out the work with a three lengths lead to the stand, where Novateur drew up, and waiting on the favourite till inside the distance, came away, and won in a canter by a head.

The **HOPEFUL STAKES** of 40 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 8lb; certain penalties and allowances; the second received 50 sovs out of the stakes. Last half of Ab.M. 21 subs.

Prince Soltyskoff's br c Balf, by Plaudin—Bohemia, 9st 2lb (inc 6lb extra).....	Jewitt	1
Mr. Vyner's b c Camballo, 9st 5lb (inc 9lb extra).....	T. Chaloner	2
Lord Falmouth's ch f Ladylove, 9st (inc 6lb extra).....	F. Archer	3
M. Lefèvre's Vicatice, 8st 11lb (inc 3lb extra).....	Fordham	0
Mr. H. S. Pigott's Ivanhoe, 8st 10lb.....	Mordan	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Balf (offered, after 5 to 4 taken freely), 3 to 1 agst Camballo, and 7 to 2 agst Ladylove.

The last-named, attended by Vicatice and Balf, made play, with Camballo in the rear for half the distance, where the Frenchman was in trouble, and Balf drew up to Ladylove, who soon after compounded, and Balf won very easily by two lengths; a neck between second and third. Ivanhoe was last.

The **GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY HANDICAP**, a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; winners extra; the second received 25 sovs out of the stakes. Brcby Stakes course (6 furlongs). 31 subs.

Marquis de Caumont la Force's b f Aurora, by Plutus—Sousmice, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb.....	Major	1
Mr. J. Le Barber's b m Puzzle, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb (car 7st 11lb).....	Constable	2

Lord Wilton's b m Modena, 5 yrs, 9st 3lb (inc 5lb extra).....	Maidment	3
M. Lefèvre's Trombone, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb.....	Fordham	0
Lord Falmouth's Andred, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb.....	T. Chaloner	0
M. Lefèvre's Luisette, aged, 7st 8lb.....	Butler	0
Prince Soltyskoff's Morocco, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb.....	Sturgeon	0
Mr. Somerville's Oxford Mixture, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb.....	Mordan	0
Mr. T. R. Taylor's Woodcut, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb.....	Glover	0
Mr. Savile's Hermitage, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb.....	H. Covey	0
Mr. R. R. Christopher's Athelney, 5 yrs, 7st.....	Morby	0
Sir A. de Rothschild's Beaconsfield, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb.....	Weedon	0
Mr. Peddie's Sir Arthur, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb.....	Mills	0
Mr. Westbourne's Genuine, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb.....	F. Archer	0
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Greenwood, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....	T. Clay	0
Mr. I. Bate's f by Saccharometer—Miss Fanny, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....	Wainwright	0

Mr. J. R. Wilson's c by General Peel—Citronella, 3 yrs, 6st, Rossiter	0
Lord Ailesbury's Beggarman, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb.....	C. Archer
Lord Hartington's c by Hermit—Esther's dam, 3 yrs, 5st 5lb.....	F. Jeffery

Walnut was struck out at 12.30 (noon) on the day of the race.

Betting: 11 to 2 agst Genuine, 6 to 1 agst Aurora, 7 to 1 agst Trombone, 8 to 1 agst Modena, 10 to 1 agst Athelney, 100 to 8 agst Andred, Woodcut, Beaconsfield, Hermitage, and Citronella colt, 100 to 7 agst Miss Fanny filly, and 100 to 6 agst Sir Arthur.

Puzzle amongst the left-hand division, made play, attended by Beggarman, Sir Arthur, Woodcut, and Modena, with Aurora on the far side, and Luisette and Hermitage lying up, Beaconsfield being in the centre with Genuine. This order was maintained to the Buses, where Puzzle, who had been lying in advance of the other horses, was headed by Aurora, on the extreme right. This pair came on in the order indicated to the half-distance, where Trombone, Modena, and Genuine, on the left, drew up; but nothing could reach Aurora, who won very cleverly by a neck, Modena finishing third, a head only behind Puzzle; Genuine and Trombone were close up next, with Luisette sixth, Athelney seventh, Oxford Mixture eighth, Hermitage ninth, and Beggarman tenth; the last three being Morocco, Esther's dam colt, and Woodcut. Time by Benson's chronograph, 1min. 21.4sec.

The **BUCKENHAM STAKES** of 300 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb. T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards). 5 subs.

Mr. W. S. Crawford's ch c Craig Millar, by Blair Athol—Miss Roland, 8st 10lb.....	T. Chaloner	1
Lord Falmouth's b f Yorkshire Bride, 8st 7lb.....	F. Archer	2
M. Savile's c by Skirmisher—Vertumna, 8st 10lb.....	Maidment	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Craig Millar, 9 to 4 agst Yorkshire Bride, and 6 to 1 agst Vertumna colt.

Yorkshire Bride on the right, attended by the favourite in the centre, showed the way to the distance, where the filly, who looked like having the best of it, swerved, and Craig Millar coming on won easily by a length; three-quarters of a length between second and third.

A **SELLING SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs each, with 50 added; weight for age. Last five furlongs of R. M. 5 subs.

M. Lefèvre's br h Artiller, by Monarque—Stradella, 5 yrs, 9st 3lb.....	Fordham	1
Capt. Macell's b c Selborne, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb.....	F. Archer	2
Mr. Davison's b m Inez, 6 yrs, 9st 3lb.....	Constance	3
Mr. C. Wallis's Visor, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb.....	Constable	0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Selborne, 3 to 1 agst Visor, and 4 to 1 each agst Inez and Artiller.

Visor on the right showed the way, followed by Inez and the favourite into the Abingdon Mile Bottom, where the latter swerved, and Visor looked like winning easily. Halfway up the distance, however, Archer got Selborne straight again, but could not fully regain his advantage, and on the left Artiller, coming with a wet sail, won a good race by a neck; a like distance between second and third. The winner was sold to Capt. Macell for 200 gs.

TWENTY-FIFTH TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES of 10 sovs each, for four-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb; the second received 10 per cent. and the third 5 per cent. from the stakes. Two miles 105 yards. 35 subs.

Mr. W. S. Crawford's ch c Gang Forward, by Stockwell—Lady Mary, 8st 10lb.....	T. Chaloner	1
Mr. Bowes's ch c Chivalrous, 8st 10lb.....	Fordham	2
Mr. Savile's b c by Victorious—Harlequin's dam, 8st 10lb, Maidment	3	

Betting: 7 to 4 on Gang Forward, and 9 to 4 agst Chivalrous. The Harlequin's dam colt showed the way for a short distance, when Gang Forward improved the pace, and carried on the running with a two lengths' lead to the red post. Here Chivalrous began to close up, but could never quite reach the favourite, who won cleverly by a head; a bad third.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, September 30.—**THE TWENTY-SIXTH TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES** of 10 sovs each; for three-year-olds; the second received 10 per cent. and the third 5 per cent. on the whole stake. A.F. (1 mile 2 furlongs 73 yards). 38 subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's ch c Leolinus, by Caterer—Tasmania, 8st 10lb.....	T. Osborne	1
Mr. H. Savile's b f by Skirmisher—Vertumna, 8st 7lb.....	Maidment	2
Lord Aylesford's bl g Régat, 8st 10lb.....	E. Martin	3

The betting opened in the Ring at 5 to 4 and closed at 7 to 4 on Leolinus, but at the cords as much as 5 to 2 was laid. Leolinus made all the running, and won easily by two lengths, the Vertumna filly beating Régat three times as far.

SELLING SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs each, with 50 added; for two-year-olds; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. Last half of R.M. 7 subs.

Sir G. Chetwynd's Stroller, by Saunterer—Miss Johnson, 8st 10lb.....	F. Webb	1
Lord Lonsdale's b c Beacon, 8st 10lb.....	Constance	2
Mr. Price's White Heather, 8st 7lb.....	Mordan	3
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b c by Scottish Chief—Gong, 8st 10lb.....	T. Osborne	0

Lord Lascelles's Harewood, 8st 10lb.....	F. Archer	0
Mr. T. Smith's bl c Thornhill, 8st 10lb.....	Cameron	0
Mr. John Nightingall's Waresley, 8st 10lb.....	J. Goater	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Beacon, 100 to 30 agst Harewood, and 100 to 15 each agst Stroller and White Heather.

Beacon, on the left, made play with a slight lead of Harewood, White Heather, and the Gong colt until half way down the hill, where the last-named three were in trouble, and Stroller coming out with a tremendous rush, a splendid race resulted in the defeat of the favourite by a neck. White Heather and Harewood finished a head apart four lengths off, clear of Waresley, who was next, the last of all being Thornhill, who dropped astern in the first hundred yards. The winner was sold for 160 guineas to Captain Warburton.

HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 50 added. D.M. (7 furlongs 210 yards). 5 subs.

Sir J. D. Astley's b f Broomieknowe, by Broomielawe—Lavinia, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb.....	Rosseter	1
M. Lefèvre's Le Champis, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb.....	G. Fordham	2
Mr. G. Payne's Pat, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb.....	F. Archer	3
Mr. T. Brown's Quick March, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb.....	Hibbert	4
Mr. T. V. Morgan's Glancus, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb.....	Parry	5

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Pat, 4 to 1 agst Le Champis, and 100 to 15 each agst Broomieknowe and Quick March.

The latter cut out the work for nearly half a mile, and then gave way to Broomieknowe and Pat, the latter of whom showed a deal of temper beforehand, and ran most ungenerously throughout the race. At the T.Y.C. winning post Le Champis took second place, and challenging the light weight in the cords, appeared to get the best of him for a stride or two, but swerving to the right, Broomieknowe won by a length and a half, Le Champis beating Pat by a neck. The other two were several lengths behind.

The **FIRST WELTER HANDICAP** of 10 sovs each, with 100 added. T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards). 10 subs.

Sir G. Chetwynd's ch c Highlander, by Blair Athol—Lady Kingston, 3 yrs, 7st.....	Newhouse	1
Mr. C. Wallis's b g Templar, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb.....	Constable	2
Mr. J. L. Barber's Puzzle, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb.....	Mordan	3
Lord Lascelles's La Jeunesse, 3 yrs, 8st.....	F. Archer	0
Mr. Meadow's Cherry Duchess, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb.....	Cannon	0
Mr. G. Crook's Rouen, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb.....	Glover	0
Mr. W. S. Mitchell Innes's King George, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb.....	Parry	0
Mr. J. Foy's St. Peter, 5 yrs, 8st.....	Chaloner	0
M. Lefèvre's La Gelée, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....	Butler	0
Prince Soltyskoff's Tripaway, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb.....	Sturgeon	0

Betting: 4 to 1 each agst Highlander and Puzzle, 100 to 12 agst Templar, 10 to 1 (at first 100 to 15) agst La Gelée, 10 to 1 each agst La Jeunesse, Rouen, Templar, and Tripaway, 12 to 1 agst St. Peter, and 100 to 8 agst King George.

Templar cut out the work, closely attended by Puzzle, La Gelée, and La Jeunesse to the cords, where the last-named pair retired, and Puzzle was joined by Templar and Highlander, a good race with the three resulting in favour of the light weight by two lengths; a neck separating second and third; La Gelée was fourth, clear of King George, Tripaway, and St. Peter, who finished close together.

SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 50 added; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards). 5 subs.

Captain Warburton's Stroller, 2 yrs, 7st 3lb.....	F. Archer	1
Mr. C. Wallis's b g Visor, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb.....	G. Fordham	2
Mr. Somerville's m by Blair Athol—Hecate, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb, Mordan	3	
Mr. Martin's ch c by Defender—Simony, by Surplice, 2 yrs, 7st 3lb.....	Glover	

Mr. Taylor's Thunderer, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb.....	T. Osborne	5
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The betting opened at 6 to 4 agst Stroller, and closed at 7 to 4 agst Visor, 9 to 4 agst Stroller, and 5 to 1 agst the Hecate mare.

The two favourites, both of whom wore blinkers, had the race to themselves throughout, the young one winning very easily by three lengths; wide intervals separated the others. The winner was bought in for 210gs.

THE GRANBY STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft; for two-year-olds; winners extra. Criterion Course (6 furlongs). 3 subs.

M. Lefèvre's br f La Sautuse, by Man-at-Arms—First Lady, 8st 7lb.....	G. Fordham	1
Prince Soltyskoff's Balf, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb ex).....	Jewitt	2
Lord Falmouth's Dreadnought, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb ex).....	F. Archer	3

Betting: 11 to 8 on Balf, 100 to 30 agst La Sautuse, and 5 to 1 agst Dreadnought.

La Sautuse, on the lower side, made strong running, followed by Dreadnought for half a mile, when the latter resigned his post to Balf, who pulled his way up to the mare and headed her a distance from home. An exciting set-to then commenced, and La Sautuse had no sooner got the best of it again, than Balf hung towards and swerved upon her on being struck with the whip. Repeating the bump twice afterwards, Jewitt had great difficulty to keep the favourite straight, and a scrambling finish resulted in his defeat by a neck. Dreadnought, who was squeezed out of his place when Balf hung towards the mare, finished a bad third.

The **ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs each, with 200 sovs added; for three-year-olds; certain winners extra; maidens allowed 7lb; the second received 50 sovs, and the third saved his stake. D.I. (2 miles 105 yards). 35 subs.

Mr. W. R. Marshall's Trent, by Broomielawe—The Mersey, 8st 10lb.....	Cannon	1
Mr. H. Savile's br f The Pique, 8st 6lb.....	Maidment	2
M. Lefèvre's Boulet, 8st 10lb.....	G. Fordham	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Trent, 5 to 1 agst The Pique, and 6 to 1 agst Boulet. The latter made play with a strong lead, which he retained until turning into the Cambridgeshire course, when he began to "come back," and the others passing him a quarter of a mile from home, the issue was reduced to a match, but was never in doubt, Trent winning with great ease by three lengths; a bad third.

THIRD DAY.

THURSDAY, October 1.—**THE RUTLAND STAKES** of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two-year-olds; colts, 8st 10lb; and fillies, 8st 6lb; winners extra. Criterion Course (6 furlongs).

M. Lefèvre's Confiance, by Monarque—Cremorne, 8st 6lb, Fordham	1
Prince Soltyskoff's Timour, 8st 10lb.....	Cannon
Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's f by Young Melbourne—Viridis, 8st 6lb.....	T. Osborne

Mr. Vyner's Bellringer, 8st 10lb.....	T. Chaloner	4
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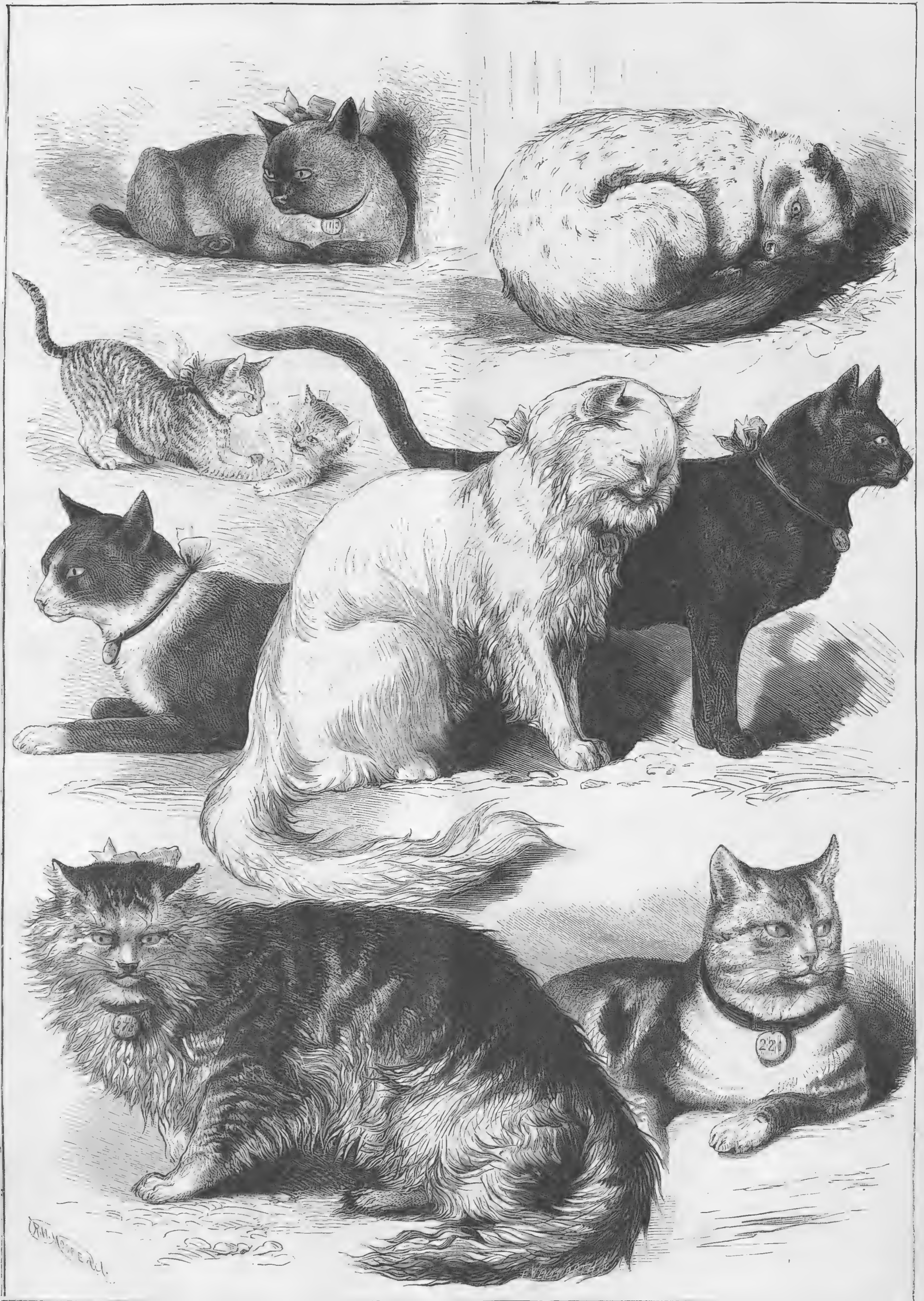
Betting: 6 to 4 agst Timour, 7 to 4 agst Confiance. Won by half a dozen lengths; a bad third.

The **SECOND WELTER HANDICAP** of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; winners extra. D.M. (7 furlongs, 210 yards).

Mr. W. Arnall's Princess Christian, by Dalesman—Marmite, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb.....	Maidment	1
Count F. de Lagrange's Luisette, aged, 8st 10lb.....	Fordham	2
Mr. Liebert's Leopard, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb.....	H. Jeffery	3

Also ran: Glancus, Quick March, and Weathercock. Betting: 2 to 1 agst Luisette, 4 to 1 agst Leopard, 5 to 1 agst Princess Christian, 8 to 1 agst Weathercock, 100 to 6 agst Glancus. Won by three-quarters of a length; a head divided the second and third; Weathercock was fourth, and Glancus last.

FIRST YEAR OF THE TWENT



PRIZE CATS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



GEORGIAN MOUNTAINEERS.

SPORT IN ASIA MINOR.

(Continued from page 742.)

THE elevated plateau on which we were encamped was lovely beyond conception in the early morning, but the change of climate from the plains below was clearly demonstrated; as at dawn the ground glistened with hoar frost, and it was so cold that the Aga, who could hardly sleep, had kept some of his people up all night long to replenish the fire. We were not however so susceptible to the change, or perhaps we were better provided, as our tent, made by Cording of strong waterproof material, was impervious to cold or damp, and besides we were amply provided with waterproof sheets and rugs, which, although much lighter and less cumbersome than the Georgian sheepskin *poshacs*, were more effective in keeping out the cold. As we were not bound to keep our gear and *impedimenta*, as Cæsar very justly termed his baggage, under the regulation weight, we all indulged in luxuries, and were each provided with an inflatable air-bed and bath, so that we could not only turn in as comfortably as if we were "at our inn," but also turn out fresh and clean in the morning fit for a day's work. I know that some travellers abjure ablutions as a matter of principle, but I believe in the old axiom that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and that a good tub after a hard day's work is an admirable restorative to the powers of nature, having a wonderful recuperative effect upon the appetite. This is my own experience, consequently a folding-up bath always forms a part of my travelling equipment.

We had a famous breakfast upon the broiled remains of the bustard shot by Vaughan, and it was decided *nem. con.* that, *coute que coute*, we must never allow a chance of bagging a bustard to escape us, as, when kept for a couple of days and buried in the ground so as to become tender, it is the most juicy and at the same time the best flavoured of game birds. After a smoke, one of the Aga's people brought the intelligence that he had seen two columns of smoke at the base of the hill, which was the signal for us to take up our position at the head of the ravine, up which the beaters were about to drive the game. Having seen to our arms, we strolled round to the crest of the hill, and each took up a position from whence he could command a fair view of the ground below where the game was expected to break. Vaughan and Stuart having chosen their posts, which were to the right about two hundred yards asunder, I struck off to the left, and, guided by one of the Circassians, managed to scramble down to an overhanging ledge or placer of rock from which I had a capital bird's-eye view of the whole ravine, as well as of Stuart's and Vaughan's positions on the cliffs above. The Aga accompanied me, and having made known my station by waving a handkerchief until it attracted their attention, so as to prevent their firing in our direction, we wrapped ourselves up in our rugs, for the air was extremely chilly, and, as the Aga said, smoked the pipe of patience. I did not ask him to refrain from smoking, as the wind blew right in our faces, and would carry away any taint in the air that tobacco might leave. The panorama stretched before our view was very beautiful, and although perhaps somewhat tame and wanting in grandeur when compared with some of the mountain scenery of the majestic Himalayas—amongst which I had wandered for many months—still it was a source of infinite delight to me to examine minutely with my powerful telescope every rugged feature of the varied landscape that extended for many miles below us, and to cogitate upon the mighty convulsion of nature that had riven the side of the mountain, torn asunder the almost perpendicular granite scarp, and hurled the monstrous boulders cleft and shattered in disjointed masses and chaotic piles that now covered with forest verdure brought to mind some mighty ruin, overgrown with ivy and grand even in its desolation. I do not think that the scene from the extreme summit of a mountain must necessarily be the most striking, for the first sensation of the prospect from the top is simply that of immensity as the eye dwells over the vast extent of undu-

lating country below, that is only limited by the dim blue haze of distance. In the ascent a traveller will be constantly arrested by charming pictures seen through broken vistas that every turn in the winding road will reveal, which, if they do not possess the sublimity of the sea of space seen from the extreme altitude, gain many beauties in the nicer articulation of the different peaks and cliffs jutting up in strange isolation from the hanging woods below. I have often thought that the most charming views of mountain scenery which are strongly impressed upon my mind presented themselves in these momentary half-glimpses that from time to time are obtained in the ascent. There is no mountain scenery that does not require its acquaintance to be cultivated before we can fully appreciate its supreme beauty, varied features, and changing aspects, but then its subtle influences enter the soul by many doors, and the true lover of nature never tires of the numberless picturesque charms that are ever to be found in its woody glens and rocky retreats.

While I was musing dreamily, and the Aga was puffing lazily away, and trying to make one circle of smoke pass through another for want of some other diversion, I heard a slight rustling noise below, and presently a single hind emerged from a patch of cover, and stood sniffling in the air, with her great ears moving suspiciously backwards and forwards, as if to drink in some fancied sound. She was evidently not quite satisfied, for now and again, after cropping a mouthful of grass, she would start forward, paw the ground impatiently, and look round as if she had heard or smelt something. She was now joined by a second hind, and presently up clattered a large herd of stags and hinds intermixed in single file, and made their way under the crest of the hill towards the ambuscades of my friends. The last of all to show up was a very dark red stag with beautiful spreading antlers, who was picking his way leisurely up the hill, at about 200 yards' distance, when I brought the sight of my express 500-bore rifle—a *chef-d'œuvre* of Westley-Richard's—to bear point-blank against his brawny shoulder, and pulled trigger. With a startled toss of the head, and a leap into the air, he ran about forty yards, and then fell stone dead. The express bullet is a short conical projectile, hollowed at the point like a shell, but without any bursting charge, and propelled by a very large charge of powder, which drives the light bullet with great velocity. On striking the object aimed at, the apex of the projectile has its hollow fore end opened out by the shock in the shape of a mushroom, or sometimes, when the charge of powder used is excessive, the whole bullet after striking is broken up into fragments which spread and take different courses, inflicting a terrific wound. These small-bores, although the *ne plus ultra* of weapons for deer-stalking, on account of their long point-blank range and low trajectory, are not sufficiently effective against the larger animals such as bison, elephant, or the feline race, as they will not penetrate or smash the larger bones as a heavy, solid, hardened projectile will. They are however admirable weapons for all ordinary purposes, the only real disadvantage being that from the smallness of the hole the bullet makes on entering, and from the fact that it rarely passes through an animal of any size, although the quarry may be mortally hit, there is very seldom the slightest sign of blood upon the trail, so that tracking up a wounded animal is rendered more difficult than under ordinary circumstances. Soon after the echoes of the report of my rifle had ceased reverberating amongst the faces of the cliffs, a regular file-firing commenced from the upper ledge, and back broke the panic-stricken herd right past my post, which gave the Aga and myself a famous opportunity, for we each bagged a hind, and a stag went away hard hit. We had hardly re-loaded when groups of deer began to run across all the open glades that lay below us, sometimes gazing back in the direction of the beaters, and then looking up hesitatingly towards the crest of the hill, as if aware of their danger and unwilling to come on. Finally they made a rush, and a mass of dun hides and tossing antlers passed before us in a long stream, and selecting the best heads, it was the work of only a few seconds to bring down



A GEORGIAN HAREM.

five noble stags and wound three others, two of which were eventually recovered. The Aga was not idle; although, being armed with a muzzle-loader, he only got a couple of shots, by which he succeeded in killing a stag and mortally wounding a hind. Unfortunately, upon reaching the crest of the hill, the great body of the herd, alarmed at the firing, broke away to my left over the plateau and entered another deep corrie, only a few straggling groups making their way to the right past Vaughan's and Stuart's posts, but they got several shots, and besides killing three stags and four hinds, they bagged a magnificent white wolf, evidently an albino, from his pale colourless eyes. There must have been at least two hundred deer driven up in this beat, and amongst us we managed to bag nineteen deer and a wolf. The beaters now came straggling up, and informed us that two bears, besides several deer, had broken back through their line at a point where the undergrowth was very dense. We were however extremely well satisfied with our day's work, as we had provided sufficient venison to keep our beaters in food for some days. Our next task was to collect the game, and bring it to camp, which was an affair requiring time, as the hillside was steep, and each deer had to be slung to long poles and carried on the men's shoulders. At last they were all brought up, and awaited dissection, which act was speedily performed, for the men were quite up in that kind of work, and considering the variety of tools used—swords, yataghans, daggers, knives, and axes—the quarters were severed and the chins divided with the despatch and precision of experienced *charcutiers*. The distribution of this meat, which might be roughly estimated at about thirty hundredweight, was quickly effected by the Aga himself, who apportioned to each hamlet that sent out its contingent of men what he considered its fair quota, which arrangement gave universal satisfaction. We had now had a surfeit of deer driving, and determined to "up sticks" and get down again to the valley, as our people were not prepared for bivouacking at an elevation where the ground every morning was covered with hoar frost. A general move was now made, and our gear, being carefully packed in as light loads as possible, was distributed amongst the people, and a couple of hours before sunset we were again comfortably established in our old quarters at the base of the mountain, near the old Greek temple. Here we were joined by a number of villagers, who came to see the Aga and his Feringhee friends, and as several of their women accompanied them, our camp began to look like an Eastern fair. I gave direction to kill some oxen and sheep for our guests, and had huge log fires made which lighted up the whole glen, and after a somewhat sumptuous feast we were most agreeably entertained by some very creditable singing and dancing, accompanied by soft-toned stringed instruments, somewhat resembling citherns. Several verses were sung by an *improvisatore*, in which I heard my name and the Aga's coupled, that created an absolute *furor* amongst the bystanders, who all joined in chorusing the last couplets until the whole glen reverberated with the strain. This entertainment was kept up for some hours after we had made our *congé* and retired, and it formed an admirable *finale* to a glorious day's sport.

GODSTONE STEEPLE-CHASES.—Three stakes for this steeple-chase fixture closed on last Tuesday. We are informed that there is no fear now of the course being hard. It is all grass land, without grip or drain, with natural fences, while all the ditches on the take-off will be well bushed.

THE FRENCH GAME LAWS.—A curious sporting question has just come before the Correctional Tribunal of Yvetot (Seine-Inférieure). A hare which had been hunted and frightened entered the town about eight in the morning, and, dashing along the streets in a terrified state, plunged into the river in an exhausted condition. A man who was fishing near the spot stuck his gaff into the animal and captured it. He was summoned for a breach of the game laws and fined 16 fr.

THE PRIZE CAT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

LAST Saturday was the opening day of the sixth of the series of National Cat Shows which of late years have become so popular at Sydenham. The first of these shows was given by Mr. F. W. Wilson, to whom the public is indebted for other contributions towards popularising natural history, and attained such a marked success, having been visited in one day by no fewer than 20,000 people, that the annual exhibition of cats has become a fixture at the Palace.

On this occasion the judges were Mr. Harrison Weir and Mr. Tegetmeier. Including the selling class, the cats number 50 divisions, and there are 287 entries, containing 350 animals, from the heaviest, a great and beautiful tabby, weighing 15lbs. 12oz., to the tiny blind kittens born at No. 261 in the North Nave. In kittens the show is particularly rich, and it is chiefly due to them that the number of 287 is raised to 350. The winners of first prizes are indicated by a blue flag hung above their cages. They are all arranged in airy pens made of galvanised wire, except one fierce-looking animal, which is pronounced by the judges to be not a cat at all, and has been left, as she came, in a bird-cage. This animal is described as a Paradoxure, coming from Mongolia. Her exhibitor resides at Abbey Wood, near Plumstead, in Kent, and her fierce appearance confirms his statement that when turned loose she puts a speedy end to any vermin which may be on the premises. We think, however, this beast has been wrongly described, as there can be little doubt in the minds of anybody acquainted with them that it is a "Comodreja," a species of racoon which is very common in South America, living in trees, and feeding on birds and small vermin, being especially destructive to pigeon-cots and hen-roosts.

There was this year only one tortoise-shell and white cat, but the brown tabbies, the silver tabbies, the red tabbies, were all well represented. There was also a black tabby, which took a prize for her unusual colour. The short-haired black tom who appeared prettiest or most correctly ugly to the judges is named "Topsy," and in the unusual colours in this short-haired class a tom whose fur is a beautiful slate colour took the prize. Next comes a class for the numerous monstrosities with six toes, extra claws, and oddly speckled coats. The Manx cats here are successful. In most of the cats the eyes are of a topaz colour, which in the night would gleam green; but one or two white cats have one eye topaz and the other a pale blue, or the same colour as all young kittens' eyes. But in the classes for white cats two blue eyes make their appearance, and No. 102, which gained the first prize for short-haired white she-cats, is justly described as having bright blue eyes. Shaggy Persian cats took the prizes for long-haired black and white, and an Angora tabby and an Angora buff take prizes in other classes. A red tabby, with six claws, takes the prize for long-haired tabby shes. In the heavy classes, "Smut," imaginatively valued by his owner at £1000, takes a first prize with 15lbs. 12oz., and "Ned" weighs 15lbs. 4oz. Two white short-haired cats weigh 13lbs. 8oz. each.

Lady Dorothy Neville and Miss Hales have also given special prizes for the best cats belonging to working-men. It is no doubt interesting in a high degree to see so many varieties of the feline species brought together, but many of them, not even excluding the prize winners, appeared to us very ordinary specimens indeed, and such as might be passed by any day on the area steps of some suburban villa without the slightest notice being attracted by their supposed excellencies. One of the most curious things which struck us in connection with the exhibition was the high value which some of the exhibitors have placed on their pets, and perhaps scarcely less extraordinary was the number of eager purchasers who thronged the sale-room.

Cats, we know, many years ago were comparatively scarce, and were sold in England with a warranty, but we are not believers altogether in paying a high price for the luxury of possessing a domestic "tom" or "tabby" in the present year of grace.

Judging by the success of the present show, and the prizes which have been carried off by enterprising cultivators of "pussies," we think we shall go in for cat breeding ourselves, a pursuit in which it does not seem altogether difficult to attain some sort of distinction in a comparatively short time. Anyway, it does not seem so utterly beyond one's reach as producing a Derby or St. Leger winner; so, as we said before, we may possibly next year enroll ourselves in the glorious band of exhibitors.

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Thursday, October 1.

THE Société d'Encouragement's third autumnal Longchamps meeting took place last Sunday, the weather being bright and sunny, and the attendance considerably more numerous than on the two preceding occasions. The day was a good one for the bookmakers, the favourites being defeated in every instance but one. Militante, at the moment of starting for the Prix de la Loire, received a bad kick from one of her antagonists, and was thoroughly disabled. Véronne returned conquered and lame from the struggle for the Prix de St. Cloud. Premier-Mai added another defeat to his repertoire, by losing the Prix de Villebon; and Régade lost, thanks to his blundering jockey, the race of the day—the Grand Critérium. Androclos alone responded to the predictions of his backers. Seven horses started for the first race, the Prix de la Loire, value £102, and after the accident to Militante, it became evident that the struggle rested between Mr. Hennessy's Cognac and Count de Berteux's Idem. The latter made the running, and passed the final corner first, but on coming in front of the tribunes, Cognac darted ahead, and being skilfully ridden by his jockey, passed the post four lengths in advance of his antagonist. Mr. Thorp's Monopole was third, ten lengths in the rear of Idem. The winner was purchased by Count d'Evry for £300. The Prix de Madrid—value £171— which followed, brought five competitors to the starting-post. Mr. Pratt's Mansart, M. Robin's Fermière, Declaration, and Angelus got off first, being followed by Androclos, who remained in the rear until the last corner, when, seemingly without an effort, Carratt brought him to the front, and won easily by two lengths. Mansart was second, and Fermière third, seven lengths in rear of the winner. Next came the Grand Critérium—value £744—for which fourteen competitors started. They got off splendidly together, and M. Lefèvre's Régade, who made the running, arrived at the head of the lot on turning the final corner. Handley, however, was sharp at work on Mr. Davis's Perle, and owing to Kelly's inattention was able to get ahead within a few yards of the winning-post, and to inflict another defeat upon the Lefèvre stud. There was a dead heat between M. Henry's Flamen and Major Fridolin's Macaron for third honours, four lengths in the rear of Régade.

The Critérium was followed by the Prix de St. Cloud handicap, value £652, for which eight horses started. Véronne was first favourite, but the race was won in brilliant style by M. Aumont's Mdlle. de Juvigny, who defeated Baron Rothschild's Capitole by four lengths, after having made the running the whole way. Mr. Willers's Wild Boy reached the post five lengths in the rear of Capitole, and M. Lupin's Nethou finished a bad fourth. The Prix de Villebon, value £416, brought the meeting to a close. This prize was disputed by five competitors, Premier-Mai endeavouring to renew his recent exploit in the Prix de Glatigny. He gave

way, however, on reaching the straight line, and M. Lupin's Perle, and M. Lefèvre's Poudrière passed in front, the former winning a well run race by three lengths, and Premier-Mai reached the post two lengths in the rear of Poudrière.

The fourth of the Société's autumnal meetings is held next Sunday at Longchamps, and on the same day the Lyons races, of which I shall forward you an account, commence. The three Chantilly meetings will take place respectively on the 11th, 18th, and 25th October. There are, moreover, steeple-chases at Vesinet on the 12th, and at La Marche on the 22nd. The season will close in November with the Auteuil réunions. The Auteuil race-course, I may mention, had been greatly damaged by rabbits of late, and last week ferrets were brought down, a veritable battue organised, the delinquents destroyed, and the damage repaired. The course will be in excellent condition by next month, providing the weather is not too rainy.

The customary autumnal sales of thoroughbreds at the Etablissement Chéri were inaugurated a few days ago by the sale of part of Mr. Exshaw's stud. Several lots were purchased by Henry Jennings, whose best acquisition was the stallion Longchamps, one of Monarque's finest sons, and himself the sire of several winners. He was secured by Mr. Jennings for £300. Among the eight breeding mares which Mr. Exshaw offered for sale, five were of excellent pedigree—Venise, Aphrodite, Mdlle. de Guise, Priestess, and Seduction (the two last were bought in). Venise, daughter of Monarque and Constance, and mother of La Vénitienne, has the same family type as Fidélité, Favorite, Sarrazin, and Monitor, and would probably have fetched a higher price, had not some of the bidders retired on perceiving that Comte de Juigné was anxious to secure her. She was knocked down to him for £180. Mdlle. de Guise, sister to Novateur by Monarque, and Mdlle. de Chantilly formed part of Mr. H. Jennings's acquisitions, being secured for the trifling £100. Another breeding mare of the same stock, and a chestnut yearling, son of Optimist and Church-Militant, coming from the Mantille haras, were also purchased by the trainer of La Croix, St. Ouen. A son of Hospodar and Clara, of the same stud, was bought by W. Planner for £60, the mother scarcely finding a bidder at 6 guineas. The finest of Mr. Exshaw's yearlings, a chestnut filly, Lorraine, by Zouave and Mdlle. de Guise, was adjudged to Mr. J. Pratt, for a trifle under £80. La Hague and Lilliputien, presented as hunters, found a purchaser in Comte Braniki, who secured them for about a thousand francs a piece. The sale fetched in all rather under £1300, of which about £900 was for the various lots brought under the hammer by Mr. Exshaw.

The Administration des Haras, which is now making its rounds in the provinces, has already effected numerous purchases. The Minister of War has been complaining recently of the wretched manner in which certain cavalry and artillery regiments are mounted, and great efforts are being made to effect improvements in this respect. Apropos of the equine stock of France, the sporting organ, *Le Jockey*, furnishes us with some interesting statistics. In 1866 there were in France 3,313,000 horses, stallions, mares, and geldings alike being comprised in these figures. In 1872, however, the stock had fallen to 2,882,851, this great diminution being principally caused by the war and the cession of Alsace-Lorraine. From January 1 to the close of September in the present year, France exported in all 457 stallions, representing a total value of £19,450. The geldings exported are distributed as follows:—Great Britain, 4542; Belgium, 1777; Germany, 1888; Italy, 364; Switzerland, 766; other countries, 699. Total value, £341,200. The mares exported are thus divided:—Great Britain, 5509; Belgium, 602; Germany, 1032; Italy, 113; Switzerland, 597; other countries, 358. Total value, £139,600. The colts and fillies sent abroad were only 586, their worth being estimated at £6380.

The *Chasse Illustrée* registers this week as a most marvellous and astonishing fact that a sportsman shot last Sunday on the Plaine St. Denis a hare and two partridges. How times are changed! Not much more than a century ago this same plain, to-day proverbial for its barrenness, was peopled with hundreds, not to say thousands, of partridges and hares. In the *Mémoires* of de Luynes, for instance, one reads:—

"Aug. 15, 1718.—The King went shooting in the Plaine St. Denys. In three days 3000 *pièces* were shot, 400 by the King's own hand."

Before de Luynes's time, Dangeau had written in his *Journal de la Cour de Louis XIV*:—

"Aug. 6, 1707.—The King went shooting on the Plaine St. Denys. He killed 120 pieces of game, and there were in all more than 900 killed, the King having permitted all those who had the honour of following him to fire."

Dangeau relates that on the 6th August, 1706, the Ducs de Bourgogne and de Berry, having commenced to shoot at noon on the Plaine St. Denis, killed 1600 *pièces de gibier*—only 238 falling to the share of the Duc de Berry. On the 30th July, 1706, they snared at the same place 500 partridges. On the 27th March, 1703, they trapped 150 hares; and they took care not to fire on the partridges, as they were pairing. In reference to *la chasse*, I may mention that the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* publishes a very interesting article this week on French pointers (*braques de la race Dupuy*).

The theatrical event of the week has been the grand benefit given at the Salle Ventadour, where the Opéra and the Théâtre Italien are now located, to Mdlle. Déjazet, who is retiring from the stage at the age of seventy-six. The benefit in question was originated by the *Gaulois* newspaper, and has certainly been attended by most magnificent results. The net proceeds are estimated at £2400, the most fantastical prices being paid for admission (Marshal MacMahon alone gave £200 for his *avant-scène*), and a considerable sum being raised by collections in the foyer. All the theatres of Paris were represented at this benefit, which took in certain respects the proportions of a national event. All the celebrities of the Paris fashionable world were present, and the overture of *La Muette* having been performed, the curtain rose on the first act of Victorien Sardou's comédie-vaudeville, *Monsieur Garat*, with Mlle. Déjazet in the part of the hero. Great piquancy was imparted to the cast by all the minor rôles being sustained by actors and actresses of established merit. Thus Damoigne played the part of a *porteur d'eau*; Léon Achard and Laferrière were national guards; Paola Marié was a young violin player; Mmes. Silby, Vanghell, Judie, and Leroux were costumed as grisettes. Following upon *Monsieur Garat* came the third act of *Tartuffe*, played by the actors of the Comédie Française, and succeeded in turn by the duo in the fourth act of the *Huguenots* and the celebrated trio from *Guillaume Tell*, this latter sung amid rapturous applause by Faure, Tamberlick, and Belval. At one o'clock in the morning the ballet of *Coppelia* commenced, and at half past the curtain dropped to rise again, showing the stage peopled with the artists of the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, the Variétés, the Bouffes, the Gaité, the Gymnase, the Vaudeville, the Porte St. Martin, the Palais Royal, &c. &c., while in the centre was the heroine of the evening. She sang with much feeling, and amid a perfect avalanche of bouquets, Beranger's renowned "Lisette," and then the final ceremony began, actors and actresses defiling in front of her, and depositing crowns, wreaths, and flowers at her feet. The inevitable incident arrived when Frederick Lemaître stepped forward, and Mdlle. Déjazet threw herself into his arms and embraced him—a proceeding which elicited loud applause from the spectators, who did not rise to depart until having repeatedly

acclaimed Déjazet when she appeared before the footlights to express her acknowledgments after the final fall of the curtain.

The chief theatrical novelty produced this week has been MM. Meilhac and Halévy's one-act comedy *L'Ingénue*, brought out at the Théâtre des Variétés. This new trifle is cut out on the pattern of *La Petite Marquise*, Mdlle. Chaumont filling, as in that piece, the principal rôle. In *La Petite Marquise*, it will be recollected, there was a marquise who wrote the history of the Troubadors, and a wicked young vicomte who ran after the marchioness and made love to the peasant girls; both these personages come with some slight modifications before us again in *L'Ingénue*. Mdlle. Chaumont plays as usual with great spirit, but there is a great want of *naturel* about her acting. Dupuis, who interprets the rôle of the 'Baron de la Roche Beurrière,' is neither good nor bad. Baron alone is thoroughly satisfactory, the minor rôles held by Mdlle. Magnier and M. Cooper not furnishing an occasion for anything like a display of histrionic power.

Sardou's drama *La Haine*, which Offenbach is going to bring out at the Gaité, is now completed; it has been read to the company, and the rôles are distributed. The scene is laid at Sienna in 1369. The acts are divided as follows:—I. The Rue Camolla; II. The Truco; III. The Cloisters; IV. The Ruins; V. The Cathedral. Six hundred costumes have been designed by M. Thomas. At the fourth act there will be a remarkably splendid religious procession. There is to be no new music, but old Italian music will be employed appropriate to the subject. The principal parts are distributed as follows:—MM. Lafontaine, 'Orso'; Clement Just, 'Giugerta Saracini'; and Desrieux, 'Malerba'; and Mmes. Lia Felix, 'Cordelia Saracini'; M. Laurent, 'Uberta'; and Angèle, 'Portia.'

The new comedy *Gilberte*, the production of which I alluded to last week, will soon be taken off the boards at the Gymnase—it being necessary for Mdlle. Delaporte, who plays the principal part, to leave for St. Petersburg, where she has a long-standing engagement at the Théâtre Michel.

The *Pied de Mouton* will no longer figure on the play bills at the Porte St. Martin after the end of next week. Casimir Delavigne's *Don Juan* is about to be brought out at that theatre with the following cast: MM. Dumaine, 'Frère Arsène'; Taillade, 'Philippe II'; René Didier, 'Don Juan'; Mmes. Patry, 'Dona Florinde'; Augustine Moreau, 'Peblo'; and Daubnen, 'Dorothee.'

The Comédie Française is actively rehearsing Dumas fils's *Demi-monde*, which will probably be ready for the stage in the middle of November.

There is a rumour in Parisian theatrical circles that Mdlle. Pauline Lucca has been engaged at the Paris Opéra for next January.

The author of *Hamlet* and *Mignon* has returned from his tour in Brittany, and is now composing the partition of *Francesca da Rimini*. He has finished changing *Psyche* into a grand opera.

LYDON.—This horse did not change hands on Wednesday at Newmarket, being bought in at 660 guineas.

GODSTONE STEEPLE-CHASES.—The Open Handicap has closed with 9 subs, the Open Hunters with 11, and the Blindley Heath Stakes with 14.

COVENTRY RACES.—A number of attractive stakes for the Coventry fixture are advertised to close on Tuesday in next week, to Mr. J. Sheldon or Messrs. Weatherby.

COUNT LAGRANGE.—This nobleman appeared at Newmarket on Tuesday for the first time for several years. His partnership with M. Lefèvre commenced on the 1st of October.

MR. LAUNDE.—A report was current on Wednesday at Newmarket to the effect that this gentleman is seriously ill. This will, in all probability, account for the unsteadiness of Holy Friar in the Middle Park Plate.

BRIGHTON AUTUMN.—For these November races a number of stakes are advertised to close on October 20, among the more noticeable being the Autumn Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft, with 200 added; the Nursery Handicap, of similar value; and the Welter Handicap and Southdown Hurdle Race, both of 10 sovs. each, 11 ft, with 150 added.

AQUILLO.—Lord Falmouth is singularly unfortunate this year with his horses. Atlantic burst a blood-vessel a few weeks before the St. Leger—which completely destroyed his chance for that race—and on Sunday Aquillo dropped down dead while at exercise. Although he never succeeded in winning a race with him, Lord Falmouth believed Aquillo to be the best three-year-old in his stable. As a two-year-old he ran l'en d'Amour to a neck in the Clearwell, and it was only by the same distance that Miss Toto beat him in the Criterion. He finished well up in the Derby, and was third to Leolinus and Ecossais in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot. He did not run in public afterwards, and was "thrown up" for some time. It was intended to run him in the Cambridgeshire, for which he had been backed rather heavily at outside prices.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.—The cup given by the Empress of Austria for the Ventrone Steeple-chase was won on Tuesday by Beauty, a black mare belonging to Mr. T. Bunney, of the town. Her Majesty was present, accompanied by her sister, the ex-Queen of Naples, and remained during two subsequent races. The winning horse was ridden by Mr. Weekes, a gentleman farmer in the Isle of Wight. The Empress herself presented the cup, and expressed her pleasure at its being won by a Ventrone horse. Excepting a short shower, the day was fine, and there was a large and brilliant company. The race was a very good one, ten horses starting. The imperial prize was a massive silver-gilt two-handled loving cup, with cover richly ornamented with honeysuckle frieze, and was manufactured by Messrs. Hancock and Co., of Bruton-street, Bond-street, jewellers and silversmiths by special appointment to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

BICYCLE TRIP TO BATH AND BACK.—Mr. James F. R. Wood, a member of the Richmond Bicycle Club, started from Kensington at seven on Monday morning for Bath and back. He arrived at Maidenhead at 9.45 to breakfast. At this point a strong westerly wind sprang up in his face for the remainder of the journey, which forced him to travel at the rate of five to six miles an hour for nearly 80 miles. He states that he was blown completely over on one occasion. He arrived at Bath at 11.15 p.m., and left there at 11.45 p.m., the wind blowing against him broadside going home, and the road both ways was very heavy. He lost his way on some cross road near Marlborough, and had to ride up and down until daylight, as no one was then up, when a boy directed him on the road. When he arrived at Hungerford he had his only sleep of about an hour. He then made for Reading, which he reached at 2.30, and Hounslow at 7.10. Owing to the macadamised roads being so greasy, he had to walk nearly all the way from there to Kensington, where he was met by Mr. Percy, of the Middlesex Bicycle Club, at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesday night. Mr. Wood states that he was in the saddle two whole days and one night, or 37 hours, which, after deducting one hour for sleep, and eight and a half hours for stoppages for refreshments and oiling the machine, leaves him with 27½ hours' continuous treading throughout the journey. Although done slowly this is the longest bicycle trip yet accomplished at once, being 214 miles. Mr. Wood expresses himself confident that he could have gone back to Bath again had it been calm and dry weather.

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—Dr. JOHNSON.

The first of the three Autumn Meetings at "head-quarters" proved far more interesting than could have been expected, considering how previous running had discounted all the old standing races in the programme, and that the over-night entries were not only limited in numbers, but poor in quality. The attendance was very fair, embracing many prominent members of the Jockey Club, and a large gathering of the speculative public, who came for the especial purpose of seeing the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire horses at exercise each morning, while in the afternoon they enjoyed the racing. The running track, I may premise, though well covered, was very hard, but very little of the rain which fell generally throughout the country having visited Newmarket. This occasioned a great many horses to go short, though but few actual breaks-down took place, the only serious *contretemps* reported being the death of Lord Falmouth's Aquilo. This sad event took place on Monday, while he was at exercise, ridden by F. Archer. He had only started off in a canter, when Archer noticed him going queerly, and jumped off, when the horse expired almost instantly at his feet, the cause being, as was subsequently ascertained, heart-disease. Though not a horse of the highest form, his loss to Lord Falmouth cannot but be very considerable, as he was regarded to have an excellent chance for the Cambridgeshire; and, following so soon after the accident to Peeping Tom at Bristol, and the series of misfortunes which had previously prevented Atlantic from winning the Derby and St. Leger, it looks as if ill fortune were about to persecute his Lordship to the close of the season.

After the arrival of the morning trains on Tuesday the assemblage of a rather more numerous company at the rooms than usual denoted that some new move was imminent, and its object was soon disclosed by proposals being made to back the French horse Novateur for the Cambridgeshire, in anticipation of his victory for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, it being no secret that he had been favourably tried on the previous morning, while Leolinus was reported as going very short, and having done little or nothing since his return from Doncaster. As much as 10,000 to 200 was at first betted against Novateur, but so continuous was the run on him that he reached 20 to 1 ere the company broke up to proceed to the Heath. There those who had taken time by the forelock and backed the French horse found they were right, for a sporting baronet betted 500 to 400 on him against Leolinus for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, an example followed by several, but before the flag fell slight odds were laid on Sir Richard Bulkeley's horse. His opponents were, however, right, for having to make his own running, Novateur tracked him all the way, and at the end won cleverly, though only by a head—a performance that caused him to be backed at 1000 to 70 for the great race of the Houghton week.

The Hopeful was brimful of interest owing to the antagonism of Camballo, Balfe, and Ladylove. The two former met for the fourth time, the result of two of their previous encounters being in favour of Camballo, viz., the Ascot Biennial and the July Stakes, while Balfe had turned the tables on him over the shorter Chesterfield Stakes course. This he did so decisively that he was now the favourite, and although ridden in blinkers again achieved such an easy victory that he was forthwith backed for the Middle Park Plate at 10 to 1. Ladylove, though fancied a little, never had a chance with Balfe, but she finished within a neck of Camballo and a long way in front of Vivacité and Ivanhoe, the latter of whom could hardly have been from his jolly appearance in training more than a week or two.

Balfe won with all the dash of Couronne de Fer, but like him and many other winners of the Hopeful he goes too great a pace to be likely to maintain it over a longer course.

The Great Eastern Railway Handicap was contested by a sufficiently numerous field to give interest to the contest, but the quality of most of the competitors was such as to cause the utmost astonishment, only some three or four of them being above common plating form. In vain one looked them over to try and spot the winner. Only three—Modena, Trombone, and Andre—looked like race-horses, and they were burdened with from 9st 3lb to 9st 11lb, which hardly invited an outlay in their favour, and yet they had plenty of backers. A favourite was found in Genuine, a little Duke horse of neither figure nor fashion, but whom Joe Dawson had tried to be pretty smart; and another in Aurora, a French filly sent over by Harry Jennings ticketed as a "good thing," and who was of course immediately seized upon and announced by the daily and bi-weekly vaticinators as, although they had never seen her, "their tip" in the usual big black letters, and win sure enough this little thing did, and a wonder she is, being no more than 14 hands 2 in. high, and slightly made in proportion. But with a selling plater like Puzzle second, and Modena, carrying 9st 3lb, third, there is not much to boast about in the performance of this daughter of Plutus, a horse which had himself won in 1866 the same race for Count F. Legrange, who was again present on Tuesday to witness the triumph of French-bred, in which he takes so much interest. Aurora had run in nine races previously in France, three of which she won so easily that her clever trainer made no mistake in sending her for the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, which, however, she only just won, as she was compounding every stride, and one hundred yards further would have been beaten by Modena. In the rich Buckenham Stakes, Craig Millar showed in greatly improved form, and from the easy manner he disposed of Yorkshire Bride, he can be very little inferior to the best of his year. In the Selling Stakes it was a treat to see four such horsemen as Fordham, Custance, Constable, and F. Archer contend. The former was on Artilleur, the worst favourite of the four, with whom he waited until his opponents had cut each others' throats, when he screwed him home first by a neck, and Capt. Machell immediately claimed him for 200 guineas. The Triennial witnessed the success of Gang Forward, who looked very well, but had all his work to win by a neck from Chivalrous, whose running proved what a real good thing the Ebor Handicap was for him, and that he ought not to have been beaten at Bristol. In the opening event on the second day, the Triennial Stakes, Leolinus was more fortunate than on Tuesday, as neither Regal nor the filly by Skirmisher out of Vertumna was able to gallop with him in any part of the race, which he won in a common canter. In the Selling Stakes Beacon was made a great "pot," but was cleverly defeated by Stroller, a son of Saunterer and Miss Johnstone, who was easily beaten last week at Bristol by the moderate Flash, which caused him to be almost overlooked in the betting for this race. At auction he made 160 guineas, and later in the afternoon won another selling race, when his sale again placed something to the credit of the race-fund. Sir George Chetwynd had another good throw in for the First Welter Stakes, which Highlander won in a canter, Puzzle being able to get no nearer than third, a proof of the very moderate character of all

the horses which contended for the Great Eastern Railway Handicap. Then came the great contest of the day which was fought for the Granby Stakes between Balfe, Dreadnought, and the French filly La Sautouse. The latter, who is a very neat blood-like bay filly by Man-at-Arms, ran for the first time, and with the sex's allowance, plus the 7lb penalty each had to put up, met both her opponents on 10lb better terms, notwithstanding which she was not held in much regard, odds being betted on Balfe. On this occasion he had to travel the Criterion Course, a very different thing to a half-mile spin, and as "George" on La Sautouse made the weight tell all the way, Balfe did not like it, and a rattling race in which they cannoned two or three times, resulted in his head defeat. Dreadnought proved to be the worst instead of the best of the three, a great blow to the Heath House Stable, as they anticipated quite a different result.

The St. Leger was won in a canter by Trent, who was only opposed by The Pique and Boulet, the former of whom was second best; but it is difficult to estimate her chance for the Cesarewitch from this running, so easily was she beaten. Boulet made the pace good all the way, but Cannon nevertheless won hands down with the greatest possible ease.

As I have said above, the doings of the Cesarewitch horses trained on the Heath were each morning watched with great interest by both the gentlemen and professional touts. The following comprise the lot:—

	Age	st	lb		Trained by
Eole II.	6	8	4	T. Jennings
Fen d'Amour	3	7	10	T. Jennings
Inquietude	3	5	7	T. Jennings
Shannon	6	8	0	M. Dawson
Quail	6	6	6	M. Dawson
Silvester	5	6	4	M. Dawson
G. by Wamba—Truth	4	5	12	M. Dawson
Bertram	5	8	0	C. Blanton
Scamp	3	7	10	C. Blanton
Gamecock	4	7	5	Hayhoe, jun.
Lydon	6	7	1	Jos. Dawson
Lacy	3	6	10	Jos. Dawson
Tichborne	4	6	9	Peter Price
Coventry	3	6	13	Jos. Cannon
Charles	3	6	4	Jos. Cannon
St. Liz	4	6	9	Bloss
The Pique	3	6	5	Gilbert
Nectar	3	6	4	J. Hayhoe
Reflection	4	6	4	C. Rayner
Chance	4	5	11	John Dawson
Greenwood	3	5	10	J. Ryan

Eole II. has been doing good two-mile gallops, led by Inquietude, and I prefer him to the three-year-old because he has now 9lb less to carry than when he ran for the Metropolitan. He consequently meets Royal George on 13lb-better terms, which makes me regard his chance to be as good as that of the Manton horse, of whom Jennings has, through Inquietude, the measure. Feu d'Amour has been doing nothing but cantering about. Shannon is in the finest health, and is going in better form than at any time during the year. It is consequently bound to run a great race, and will, I think, prove the sheet-anchor of the Heath House Stable. Quail, since her arrival at Newmarket, has been at work leading the Truth gelding, and does it in her usual fine style, while the gelding also acquits himself well, but is no company for the mare, who, if she would only gallop in public as well as she does her work, would take a lot of beating. Silvester is taking matters easy, and neither Bertram nor Scamp has done much within the last day or two. Gamecock I have a great fancy for, as he gallops like a stayer, and has been doing good two-mile work; Lydon is taking matters leisurely, but Lacy has been rattling along, and is in such fine plight that he is sure to hold a forward place in the struggle. Tichborne has not been doing the work necessary to get successfully through a race of this kind. Coventry and Charles have been doing plenty of long work, but neither is fancied by the touts. St. Liz has not been doing much, but The Pique, as was seen on Wednesday, is fit to run for her life, but is hardly good enough. Nectar is sound again, and is in good work, as are also Reflection, Chance, and Greenwood, but none of them are fancied by the horse-watches. Consequently, if the race remains at Newmarket, I believe it will be by the aid of Eole II., Gamecock, Shannon or Lacy, of whom I prefer the two former. In respect to the others, I hear that Mornington, notwithstanding all that has been rumoured as to his unsoundness, is going on well. In some quarters indeed his chance is regarded to be so good that he has been backed down to 10 to 1, but I am assured, in a quarter that can be relied upon, that Mr. Brayley has not yet backed him, nor will he until he tries him. That he is the *bete noire* of the handicap, there can be no doubt, for it was surely not handicapping Mornington on his merits to have given him such a lenient weight as 7st 3lb, when his great double victory last year, for the City and Suburban and the Metropolitan, is taken into account, not to mention his winning the Somersetshire Stakes, and the bold front he showed for a long way when contesting the Brighton Cup against Uhlan and Flageolet. The manipulator of the weights, even were he satisfied of the truth of the rumour that Mornington is now only a cripple, would not be justified in doing as he has done, for the race is a gift to Mr. Brayley if he can only bring his horse sound and well to the post. Marie Stuart, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb, has accepted, doubtless from having done something with Doncaster to please her trainer, but as the Cesarewitch has never been won with any heavier impost than 8st 5lb, which Audley carried successfully in 1861, I do not believe in her winning. Royal George, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb, has been fixed upon by certain racing critics as one of the good things of the handicap, and they seem inclined to make him as bitter (or sweet) a pill for the public as they did George Frederick for the St. Leger. They have certainly better reason for doing so, but I cannot see his chance in the rosy light they do, for he was well spurred to beat Inquietude at a difference of 26lb for the Metropolitan, and a stronger lad than Major would have won with the filly, consequently wherever Royal George gets in the race, Inquietude must be with him, getting as she now does 32lb! And if Eole II. is better than Inquietude, which I believe from the style in which I saw both gallop, he is sure to beat Royal George. Hesselde, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb, has never given any proof that he can stay this course, and from what I saw at Goodwood I do not believe in him. Louise Victoria, 5 yrs, with 7st 7lb, or 5lb less than she carried for the Cesarewitch last year, is favourably weighted, but is no better in, nor indeed so well as Flurry, 6 yrs, 7st 7lb, judged by their running last year at Shrewsbury, and any move made to back her next week might be followed with advantage, as Gang Forward has gone home to try the Manton team, of whom Aventuriere has lately been backed to win a few thousands. Aldrich, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb, is another pitched upon by these astute and dictatorial critics as possessing a "great chance," but I am blind enough not to see it, believing that his success for the City and Suburban was as great a fluke as George Frederick winning the Derby. That either Bull's Eye, Lemnos, or Petition would have won that race but for the scrimmage in which the former lost his life, I have not the slightest doubt, and Aldrich had then only to beat Minister and Oxford Mixture, who were giving him respectively 7lb and 14lb. Since then he has done nothing to warrant the belief that he can win a race like this, even though he is by the famous little winner of 1866—Lecturer. Gleneagle, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb, as the winner of the

Northamptonshire Stakes, is entitled to some respect, and as he meets Coventry on 9lb better terms than in the Ascot Stakes, he is bound to run well, but I expect Stanton will furnish a better representative in Boscobel, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb. Whitehall, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb, came into immediate notice after he had beaten Rostrevor and Glenalmond at Doncaster, but on his easy defeat by Leolinus, Peeping Tom, and Trent, in the Doncaster Stakes, went just as quickly out of favour, but to which he has since been partially restored. The public are, I believe, accountable for this and for his present status in the betting, as Mr. Bowes has not backed him, and it is very doubtful if he will be found at the starting-post. Of the remainder, the colt by Wamba out of Vivette, 4 yrs, 5st 12lb, is well in, as he can gallop; and of Trespasser, who is by Thormanby out of Khedive's dam (Bumblekite by Voltigeur), I have also heard a good account. The field will be little short of thirty, so there will be no falling off in numbers, but a lot of more moderate horses were never previously engaged in the Cesarewitch, which, as I have said above, is a gift for Mornington, if he can be brought sound and trained to the starting-post. In the next few days more will be known about him, and until then my advice to intending speculators is to hold hard, for if he is really well, it is throwing money away backing anything else. Next week I will have a last word to say about this great race, and will endeavour to point out the best to stand on.

At no previous First October Meeting within my memory has there been so little done on the Cesarewitch, the favouritism in which Mornington is held quite paralysing the betting, 9 to 1 being held the highest offer against him, while against Louise Victoria not more than 100 to 8 can be had. No more money appears to be forthcoming to invest on Hesselde, against whom 100 to 6 is freely offered. The fancy for Royal George seems to have cooled down, as 100 to 6 was offered against him without any response. The principal movement has been in favour of Bertram, who was backed from 40 down to 20 to 1, and he subsequently advanced to 16 to 1, taken in hundreds. Nor did these investments cause Scamp to be left out in the cold, as some hundreds were invested on him at 40 to 1. Lacy had a good deal of money entrusted to him, and advanced to 30 to 1; while 40 to 1 was booked to some £50 about Aventuriere, and the same price was taken to some money about Eole II. The Truth gelding has been operated against at 50 to 1, and as much as 1000 to 5 has been offered against the companion of his morning gallops, Quail. The Middle Park Plate has been almost a dead letter; but neither The Holy Friar nor Galopin appear to be in such good odour as they were. A rumour is abroad that the owner of the former had a fall, in which his leg was fractured, a very serious matter at his advanced age, and which doubtless caused one operator to lay some money against both him and Galopin coupled. Per Se in the Danebury stable has been talked about, and the Manton stable is not unlikely to furnish a good favourite before the flag falls.

Meetings will next week be held at Stratham, Kelso, Lichfield, Leicester, and Hampton; but not having seen any of the programmes I can express no opinion on the several events, investments on which had much better be deferred until the numbers go up.

BEACON.

Latest Betting.

THE CESAREWITCH.

100 to 12	agst Mornington (taken and offered)
100 — 8	— Royal George (offered)
100 — 6	— Bertram (taken)
20 — 1	— Shannon (taken)
20 — 1	— Whitehall (taken)
20 — 1	— Hesselde (taken)
25 — 1	— Chimes (taken and offered)
25 — 1	— Lacy (offered; take 34 to 1)
33 — 1	— Scamp (offered; take 40 to 1)
33 — 1	— Chance (taken and offered)
40 — 1	— Eole II. (taken)
50 — 1	— Trespasser (offered)

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

8 to 12	agst Benedictine (taken and offered)
100 — 8	— Novateur (offered; take 100 to 7)
20 — 1	— Lowlander (taken and offered)
25 — 1	— His Grace (offered; take 33 to 1)
40 — 1	— Fidelity (taken)
40 — 1	— Walnut (taken)
40 — 1	— Flower of Dorset (taken)
500 — 25	— His Grace and Walnut coupled (taken)

Principal Turf Fixtures for 1874.

CESAREWITCH STAKES (2 miles 2 furlongs 23 yards) ..	Tuesday, October 13
MIDDLE PARK PLATE (6 furlongs) ..	Wednesday, October 14
CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES (1 mile 240 yards) ..	Tuesday, October 27
LIVERPOOL GREAT LANCASHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile) ..	Wednesday, Nov. 11
LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP (1½ mile) ..	Friday, November 13
SHREWSBURY HANDICAP (1 mile) ..	Wednesday, Nov. 18
SHREWSBURY CUP (2 miles) ..	Friday, November 15

Calendar for Week ending October 10.

MONDAY, Oct. 5.	THURSDAY, Oct. 8.
Stratham October (1st day).	Leicester (1st day).
	Hampton Autumn (1st day).
	Lothians Club & Edinburgh (1st day).
TUESDAY, Oct. 6.	FRIDAY, Oct. 9.
Stratham October (2nd day).	Leicester (2nd day).
Kelso (1st day).	Hampton Autumn (2nd day).
Lichfield Autumn (1st day).	Lothians Club & Edinburgh (2nd day).
	Llandrindod Wells.
WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7.	SATURDAY, Oct. 10.
Kelso (2nd day).	Lothians Club & Edinburgh (3rd day).
Lichfield Autumn (2nd day).	Manchester Polo Club.
Godstone Steeple-chases.	

NOMENCLATURE.

The following names have been given:—		
Mr. T. Narburgh's Yearlings.		
Br or bl c by Mandrake—Last Love ..	Dead Letter	
Ch f by Mandrake—Lady Roschill ..	Hugmucker	
B f by Ccerops—Pulsatilla ..	Black Crook	
Mr. Savile's		
Bl or br c by Parmesan—Moleskin, 2 yrs ..	Velveteen	

BLOOD STOCK SALES AT NEWMARKET.

YEARLING, THE PROPERTY OF MR. W. BLENKIRON.		
B f by Parmesan out of Queen of the Glen, by Chanticleer ..	Mr. Groucock	150
THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE LORD ANNESLEY.		
Br c, 4 yrs, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Lemonade, by Leamington ..	Mr. Brain	200
B g, 3 yrs, by Artillery out of Finesse, by Stockwell ..	Mr. Brain	450
Ch c, 2 yrs, by Macaroni out of Irish Church, by Newminster ..	Major Bradford	20
LYDON, br h, 6 yrs, by Gladiateur out of Tomyris, by Sesostris ..	Bought in	600
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.		
REDCLIFFE, 3 yrs, by Marsyas out of Christabelle ..	Mr. Lowther	25
B (yearling) f by Lord Clifden out of Affinity, by Young Melbourne ..	Mr. C. Vyner	70
BORQUET (brood mare), by The Lawyer; with filly foal by Fripponier, and covered by Cathedral ..	Mr. W. Blenkiron	75
LIDDINGTON, by Orlando out of Lady Roden, by West Australian ..	Bought in	95
Yearling filly by The Palmer out of Minna, by Buccaneer ..	Major Bradford	30

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW JEAMES DE BUCKLEY WENT A-FISHING.

ILLUSTRATED BY HIMSELF.



BAVENO, LAGO MAGGIORE.



REFLECTION.—"Have I left anything behind — ?"
 REPLY.—"No."

House marked A is the abode of James de Buckley, house marked B the Albergo della Posta.

Arrives at Station, and finds that he has got No Money.

It was on the 2nd of September that his Excellency James De Buckley (the representative of a Power which shall be nameless, but the seat of which is not a thousand miles from Aldgate Pump), having inducted himself into a suit of dittos, and having garnished his tile with a greater variety of flies than are to be found in Spence and Kirby; having packed up a greater quantity

of fishing tackle than Captain Penny took last year to kill whales in the Arctic Ocean; having asked himself the question whether "anything was left behind," and having got an answer in the negative; having performed these several operations, and gone through this mental examination, made tracks for the rail that runs from Turin to Alessandria, thence to Novara, and thence to Arona, on the Lago Maggiore, blessed home of the Slogdologer.

Upon arriving at the rail, he searched in all the numerous pockets of his "Image Boy Jacket," and discovered that, like the Paddy who had got no snuff, he had got no money. His friend Giuseppe—a literary gent, and his inseparable companion, who lives upon nothing, and is one of those universal geniuses who make everybody's fortune but their own, which he is going to do "nex yar" (he speaks the British tongue with a slight negro accent)—his friend Giuseppe lugged out a handful

of new napoleons. Tickets were taken, and De Buckley settled himself into his cushions, lugged out Kirby and Spence's "Entomology," and began at the beginning of the divine piscatorial art, by studying the natural history of the "Fly."

From Turin to Novara by rail is now but a four hours' affair, instead of nine like last year; De Buckley attempted a rapid

evolution in the pictorial line, but found he couldn't keep pace with the locomotive, which "drew" quicker than he did. So he took off an Italian gent, who scowled rather glumly under the operation. At Arona the drag of the representative was in waiting, and at 6 p.m. precisely he arrived at a strange ramshackle old mansion he had hired for a month, and found the landlord and doctor (of the parish) trying to settle the best way of receiving the illustrious stranger. It appeared they had both hit upon the same idea, viz. a band of music; and the only question was the hour—the sudden apparition of the diplomatic star was nearly fatal to the landlord, who was of a podgy temperament, and was then "scarlet" from over buttoning. The visible part of Baveno consists of three houses and the inn—i.e. the doctor's house, the De Buckley lodging, and an unfinished store of pretentious appearance, but of which the owner had completed no more than the ground floor, having taken advantage of the "war" to go through the insolvent court.

The principal person at the "Albergo della Posta" is, naturally, the waiter, who is generally in a brown study, and is strongly suspected of doing poetry in those moments when he is not emptying pots, or changing plates, or digging in the garden, or driving the mail, or in short performing some of those multifarious acts which all Italian waiters perform to admiration.

first takes boat to visit the Borromean Islands, which are just opposite.

The first care of De Buckley was to hire a man and a boat, and fortune placed at his disposal a retired bombardier of artillery, who had served as cook, valet, groom, chambermaid, and fisherman, to a famous captain of the British Navy—famous on the sweet waters of the Lago Maggiore, that is to say—Turberville by name, and a first-class fisherman, who was the first to pull out the big trout.

His general appearance was one of confirmed melancholy, which De Buckley interpreted favourably, provided it did not lead to absence of mind, which might lead to his catching very fine fish, but to forgetting that he had caught them, "and so losing them," &c. In short, De Buckley, who is not in the habit of concealing his opinions, considers what the French call *distract* and what the English call *astray* as very much the same thing. De Buckley's diplomatic habit of pumping pumped out of the bombardier that he had had a "misfortune in the wine trade," and that he was rather down on his luck than otherwise. He had done exactly what Sir Robert Peel suggested that merchants should *not* do, i.e. buy dear and sell cheap; and so the bombardier had gone to seed, and was residing in Queer Street as to his pecuniary matters, and found money, as it sometimes will be—even for Rothschilds, Goldsmids, Jones Lloyds, and Coutts—tight! tight!! tight!!! Signore, uncommon tight!!!!

The next point was to hire, borrow, or purchase a boat.

Perhaps? (No, De Buckley gives a very decided opinion upon this point.) "There is no lake of equal proportions," says De Buckley, "and the Lago Maggiore is sixty kilometres long, Sir—that enjoys such dem'd boats, Sir. From the Great Britain to the birch-bark canoe, Sir; I know 'em all; I say, Sir, the boats of the Lago Maggiore are dem'd boats, Sir—and there's no more to be said about 'em, Sir. Look at this specimen, and tell me if that is a boat, Sir?"

After a deep consultation with the melancholy bombardier, a retired naval officer of the Piedmontese service consented to sell for £12 an elongated washing-tub, in which De Buckley and the man of melancholy embarked, each pulling "more suo," i.e. in that way which best pleased each party. The Lago Maggiore boatmen invariably push, and the De Buckleys as invariably pull, so the result of the embarkation of the pair formed a pleasing contrast.

The succeeding operation was to rig the lines, and a detail of the bombardier's method of fishing deep water will perhaps offer some features which are new to the piscator tribe in general. The big trout in the Lago Maggiore run up the river Toce, in the months of September and October, to spawn; when they return in November, they are low in condition and ravenous. It



His friend Giuseppe helps him out of the scrape.

of fishing tackle than Captain Penny took last year to kill whales in the Arctic Ocean; having asked himself the question whether "anything was left behind," and having got an answer in the negative; having performed these several operations, and gone through this mental examination, made tracks for the rail that runs from Turin to Alessandria, thence to Novara, and thence to Arona, on the Lago Maggiore, blessed home of the Slogdologer.



Studies Entomology, Art. "Fly," Kirby and Spence.

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An Italian Gent (2nd Class).

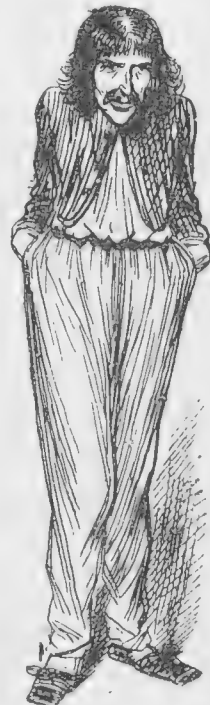


Y Medico.

Y Landlord.

Before saying anything more about the waiter, who will probably reappear in these pages, we will say a word about Baveno.

This hamlet is two hours' drive from Arona, on the west side of the lake, on the Simplon road, is a quiet central point, small and unpretending, and is the point also where the traveller from the north who crosses the Alps by the Simplon and Domodopola



The Waiter.



"Brummy."

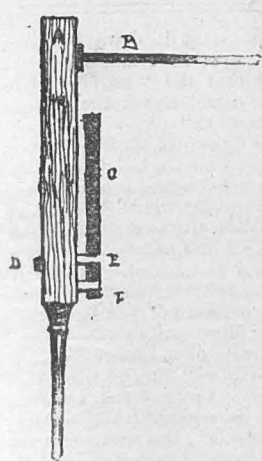


Fig. 1.

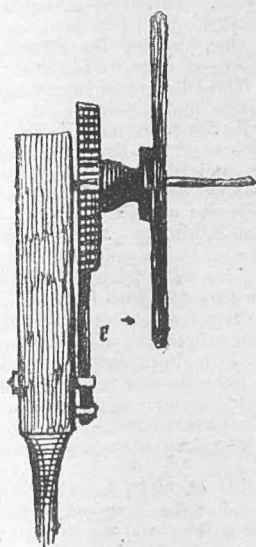


Fig. 2.

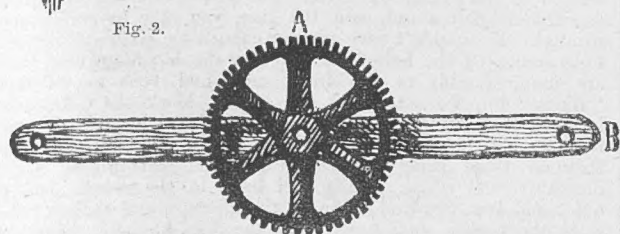
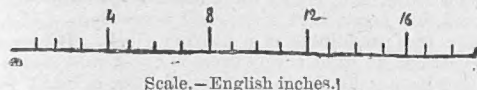


Fig. 3.



Scale.—English inches.]

is rare that they take bait during the spawning season. They are fished, however, with deep lines at that season, the bait being a fish called *agoonie*, a beautiful fresh water herring, which runs in shoals, and is hunted by the voracious fishes of the lake. This bait is used at two depths, one about 1000 feet, the other about 700. The boat being rowed by one person, whilst another tends the two lines.

De Buckley saw a trout (male) weighing 38lbs. English, caught in this manner on the 7th October. And it so happened that, between the 1st and the 7th of that month, about thirty big fish were taken amongst twelve boats, so that twenty-four persons were employed in catching thirty fish during eight days. This did not pay, and the boats gave it up, intending to wait till November, as the fish ceased to bite all at once.

The lines used are the ordinary plaited lines, but the mode of sinking them is peculiar, and was first used by the English Captain Turberville, who kept his secret during eight years on the lake, and only discovered it on going away. The mode is as follows:—Lead wire of various diameters is used for

Deep trout,
Middle trout,
Light trout,
Perch,
Long shore fishing;

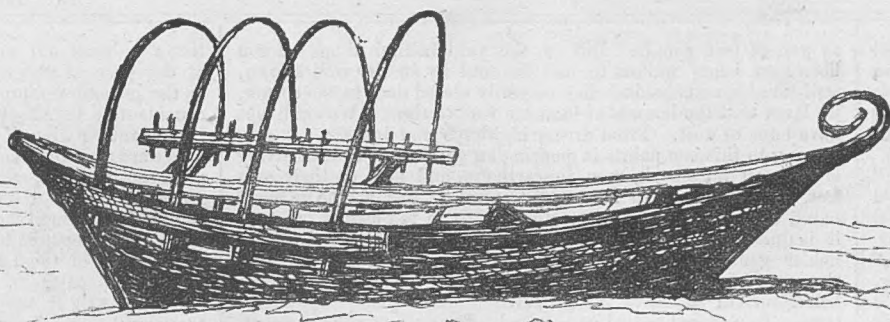
that is to say, the lines are measured, the depth required to fish at marked off, and the weight of lead necessary to sink it to that depth exactly is used. The lines are weighted according to the positions they are respectively to occupy; and consequently the lake may be fished exactly at any depth the fisherman thinks proper.

In twisting the lead round the line it must not be continued if it breaks, for it always cuts the line where it breaks. The bit may be left where it is unbroken, but it should be left and another piece twisted a little distance from it. De Buckley gives what he calls his "adhesion to this principle" (he probably means he approves it), and says he found the lines work excessively easy for perch, pike, and even small trout, and especially for a voracious fish called *coass*, a sort of bream, which goes at bait like a pike, and plays like a trout for a while.

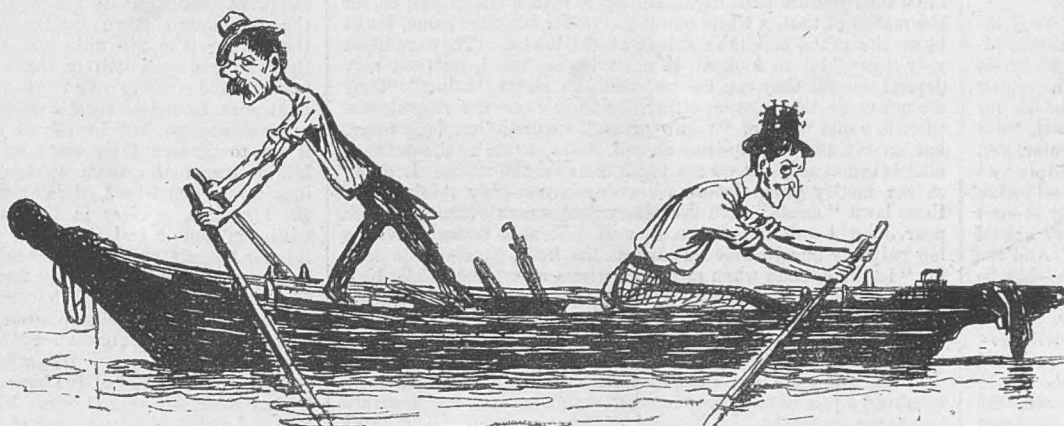
The next important article is the reel upon which to wind the deep lines. De Buckley found the London "best cocus reels," &c., uncommon clumsy creations; and the bombardier (who went by the name of "Brummy") smiled at them contemptuously, and said he had a friend who would dispose of a couple of self-acting reels with which one man could fish and row all alone by himself, and that the reels once set needed no further tending. De Buckley, ever anxious to promote scientific investigation, and having a slight natural tendency to solemn trifling, thought the occasion, as he expressed it, "portentous," and the friend of Brummy was introduced, and disposed of his reels in a twinkling for 25 francs.

This self-acting reel is composed of three parts. Part 1 is simply a stout upright, with an arm on which the reel and a cog-wheel turn, with a steel spring on which is a slide with a button and nut to increase or diminish its elasticity. This upright is tapered off so as to fit into a hole in such part of the boat as is most convenient to the fisherman.

PART 1.—By running the slide D E up and down the upright A (Fig. 1), which has a slit in the centre, the elasticity of the spring is increased or diminished. A, upright, wood; B, arm, iron; C, elastic spring, steel; D, nut, iron; E, slide, iron; F, fixed piece of iron, in which is stepped



A Lago Maggiore Boat.



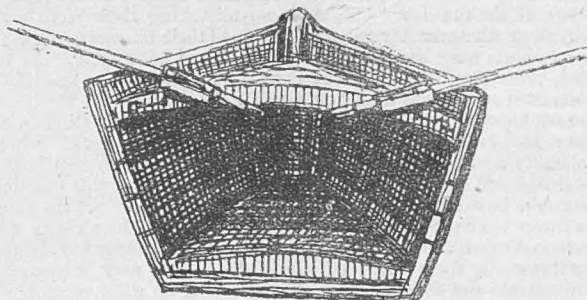
Foreign and English Styles.—The Bombardier and the Minister.



Working the Reel.

the bottom of the spring. The arm or axle B has a square solid head, which is countersunk into the wood and fixed with four screws.

PART 2.—Fig. 3.—A, a solid iron wheel, 4 inch thick, with a coach wheel nave 1 1/2 inch long, fixed solidly on wooden bar B. The arm or axle B, in



Section of Boat showing Bar with Rod-holders.

the first part, runs through this iron wheel (Fig. 2), which is *toothed*. The wheel is pushed up to the elastic spring C, which catches in the cogs.

PART 3. Fig. 4, is a common reel, round which the line is wound. A, hole for handle C; B, head of the axle marked B in Fig. 1. A small pin runs through it to keep it on the reel.



De Buckley and the Barber.

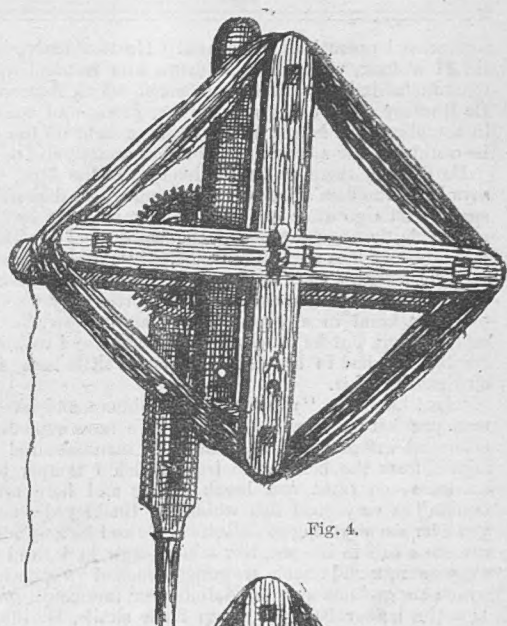


Fig. 4.

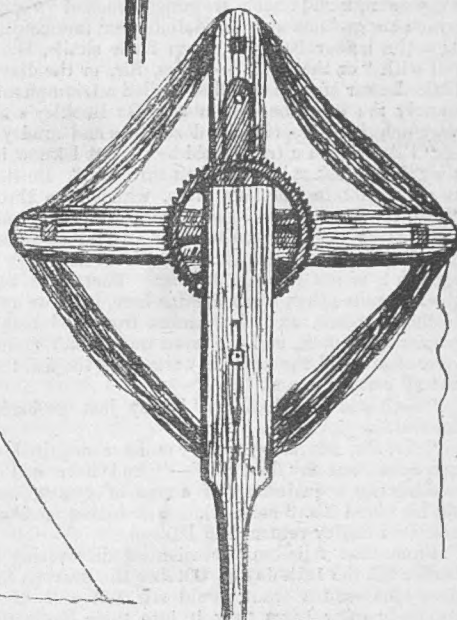


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

Remark.—In Part No. 2, wooden bar marked B, there is a hole in each end of the bar, which corresponds with the hole marked A on the reel. A handle (Fig. 6) is fitted which runs through the two holes in the reel into the hole in the bar, Part 2. When this happens, the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd parts of which the reel is composed are *connected*. To *disconnect*, the handle is drawn back to a peg which is inserted one inch inside it after passing into the reel. This gives it sufficient play to be pushed into the bar hole, and to be drawn back so as to remain in the reel solely.

By studying these three diagrams, you will perceive that the reel with the line wound round it can be attached to the wooden bar by thrusting the handle through the three holes; that when attached or connected, the wooden bar sets the wheel in motion, which, in its turn, is checked by the elastic spring.

To put the reel in practice, therefore, after you have baited your hooks, you spin round the reel, *disconnected* with the wooden bar, until you have run off as much line as you want. You then *connect* with the wooden bar, and the steel spring catching the cogs prevents the line running out any farther. You then row away, and if a fish strikes the bait the reel revolves, and the steel spring gives a rattle like an alarm, and keeps the fish in play, who pulls against the reel and steel spring. The fish may then be killed, and the diameter of the reel (19 inches over all) is so large that it becomes an easy and a quick operation to wind up 1000 feet of line; a matter which, with the *London cocus reels*, is next to an impossibility, unless with great waste of time and labour. To wind the line up, of course you *disconnect* the handle, which facilitates the operation, and saves wear and tear of the steel spring. In this way I fished four lines with the greatest ease, and had not the least bother, *i.e.* I had two reels and two rods. With 400 yards of heavy line the steel spring was quite sufficient to hold the line in check by merely pushing the slide (E) and the screw-nut (D) up to the head of the spring and then screwing the nut tight. You will understand that there is a slit in the upright in which the slide works. In this *back view* (Fig. 5) you have

The principal upright and nut of the spring,
The wheel and bar,
The reel and line,

so that by adapting your steel spring to the weight of your line, you can set it as *little* as a steel trap, and I have even set the spring to catch perch of four or five ounces' weight.

The great advantage of this system of reels is that one man *can fish three lines by himself*—two reels watch themselves, and one rod is not very troublesome. But it struck De Buckley that by annexing *swivels* at different depths down his line, and by attaching gut and hooks and bait to them, he might make a sort of deep water otter. But upon this point he would be glad to consult those distinguished piscators, The Pluralist and The Dos. In this sketch the reel is drawn out of proportion merely to show where De Buckley sat, and how he worked a reel on each side fixed into an outrigger which runs fore and aft the boat, with a strong bar at a convenient distance from the stern sheets in which were stepped two London rod-holders and rods.

This bar is fastened with two hooks; so it is shipped and unshipped at pleasure. The lines from the reels pass over the rods, so that by sitting in the stern sheets the four may be managed with the greatest facility, and indeed De Buckley might be seen of a fine summer evening (when the sun threw his last rays over Pallanza) floating a black mass of shadow on the clear water of the lake, his cockle shell hidden by the skirts of his coat—a fresh-water Flying Dutchman.

The boat, the lines, and Brummy being all prepared, the next point was to know the best ground for the Slogdologers, and after several animated discussions with some venerable fishermen of the Isola dei Piscatori, whose dwelling is most picturesque, De Buckley by degrees found out the various localities of trout, pike, perch, *coass*, tench, eel, and *agoonie*, the favourite food of the trout. It was therefore about the middle of September when De Buckley

commenced operations in earnest. He rose early, and he toiled till 11 o'clock, when the sun drove him in; and when the sun went in behind the hill at the foot of which Bavono is situated, De Buckley came out again. Pike, perch, and coass he caught in abundance till he got tired of taking them off the hooks. But he could not stir a trout, nor, for that matter, did anybody else.

De Buckley therefore turned his eyes to the Alps. "Dem it," says he, "the dem'd trout are running up to deposit their dem'd spawn—let's go after 'em." So he drove away to Domodopola, and made the acquaintance of the factotum of the place, the barber, who ties flies for all the country. "Barbiero—caro barbiero," says De Buckley with his insinuating No. 2 diplomatic manner, "they say you are the only man in North Italy who can tie a fly to kill a trout in any water or in any weather." The barber said nothing, but he reached out his hand and took hold of a fly De Buckley had in his hat. He was a little man, and he stood on tiptoe to do it.

"Ha!" says he, "you are an Englishman, and like all Englishmen you fish with barbed hooks. We have exploded those old-fashioned instruments; look here—I manufactured these hooks myself from the best Aosta iron, which I temper to the proper hardness—no trout can break them; and here are hooks for temole" (a very good fish which De Buckley did not see), "did you ever see anything so delicate? Go and look at our water, you can see a hair in it—yes, Sir, a hair—a-a-air in it, and how do you suppose trout and temole are going to look at your hooks and tackle which are gross enough for dolphins or mermaids, or—or"—and here the barber being hard up for a simile, De Buckley helped out with "or the devil."—"Yes, Sir, or the diavolo." And the little dresser of men and flies smiled a triumphant smile—but he eagerly ran over the contents of De Buckley's fishing book and very quietly appropriated a dozen flies and sundry hooks.

"I'll give 'em a trial," said he; "but I know how it will be—they'll just look at 'em and then turn tail." De Buckley proposed to try a cast in the Toce river, which runs through the town. "No use, Sir, no use—the glacier water is coming down, the river is as thick as *polenta* and as cold as Charity—the trout are all at the bottom and will look at nothing; they know well enough it is not feeding weather. There will be no fishing till the first rain—then when it rains here, it snows up there (pointing to the Simplon), and that means frost, and that means that the glacier don't melt, and the snow water don't come down, and the river clears, and the water is warm, and the fish feed and play and cut all sorts of capers."

"So," said De Buckley "I may just go back again empty-handed."

"No, Sir, not altogether, you have acquired experience, and you have seen my flies, Sir."—"And have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a man of genius," said De Buckley (in his bland No. 3 manner). The barber made a profound bow, and De Buckley returned to Bavono.

From that felicitous occasion of discovering the piscatorial barber till the 13th day of October the heavens continued of one deep blue—not a trout would stir, not a trout was caught till suddenly a few trout took it into their heads to set to work to feed, and a few were taken as above stated—and then they suddenly ceased to bite. De Buckley the day before he started (16th October) went up the Toce river and hooked five of the most beautiful silver trout he ever saw in his life; they appear to be another variety from the lake trout; they averaged 2lbs. a piece.

On the 17th, public matters brought him back to Turin.

"A DAY WITH OUR DRAG."

A REMINISCENCE OF AUSTRALIA.

A DAY with our drag! What memories have not these few words power to bring up before us! Pleasant visions of old College days, when on one of Charles Simmonds' or Tollitt's scarred and honoured veterans we charged up from Barton's Farm, over the Radley timber, or faced, far more gallantly than we ever faced those fatal schools the holding ploughs, and big, blind fences that lie around Ensham Hall. Or irreproachably clad, if not quite so irreproachably horsed, are we once again leading the "Brigade" over the water meadows of Chertsey, or drinking success to the "Windsor Drag," after a champagne-breakfast at the "Willows." Ah, no! "fugaces labuntur anni," and cheery Postumus, with all his pleasant comrades, have gone with them. Not such are the scenes that pass before us now. Many, many thousand miles away, in a strange country, and under another sun lies the "drag" we are hunting to-day. There shall be neither plough to stop, nor water to turn you; though you should have ridden through every country from John o' Groats to Land's End, yet shall you say you never saw such galloping ground as this. Banks, and "fluid" places are unknown; nor need any obvious "uncertainties" on the other side send your heart into your mouth on this. If you are to come to grief, at least you will do so with your eyes open, nor can any flattering unction of false pretences offer balm to your wounded pride or person. Nevertheless both horse and man must know what they are doing, and do it well, who would fain get to the end of the line to-day. Will you come with me for a little while to-day, and see how our brothers of the Antipodes ride to hounds?

Noon, on a bright, sunny day towards the end of August. Through the clear sky soft puffs of fleecy cloud are chasing each other merrily, and their shadows shine over the turf below as if in earnest of the pace we are to go. It has been raining a little in the night, but this bright sun, and cool southerly breeze will soon settle all that, and the galloping will be rare indeed. That lookers-on always see the best of the game is an old and true saying, so what do you say to being a looker on to-day? That light, spider-looking buggy with the 'varmint' boy in the shafts ought surely to be able to show us some of the fun. The roads are good hereabouts, and the 'dragsman' has ever a kindly eye for the cautious division. We have answered often enough in our time to the call of 'boot and saddle' to fear no shame in keeping to the road this once.

It has almost a look of Old England the 'meet' from here has it not! That long, low building, half-farm, half public-house, stables and straw-yard at the back, trough, green-plot, and flock of geese in front, is familiar enough to us, surely. As we pull up on the brow of the hill on which the building stands, what a view we get of the "happy hunting grounds"! Far as the eye can see stretch vast enclosures of grass which, at this favoured season of the year, are as fresh and green as the pastures of the Emerald Isle itself. Enclosures? Aye, but enclosed by what, for there are no hedgerows, nor timber of any kind in sight, save far away on the horizon where dark masses of the everlasting gum-tree crown the distant hills. No timber, did you say? O, my friend, out of the ignorance of your heart your mouth has spoken. Look a little closer, and you will see that it is all timber, and nothing but timber, save an occasional line of wire. Not a pleasant prospect for weak nerves is it? But then, you see, there is no ploughed ground at all; nothing but grass in capital order, and level as a cricket-field. No great hardship after all to gallop six or seven miles on such a course, even though the fences be of timber, provided your nag is in good condition, and knows his business—and if he possess neither of these qualifications, pray who is to blame?

There is already a tolerable muster at the trysting-place, chiefly,

as yet, of foot people. But in the yard behind about a dozen horses are being walked to and fro, and by sundry well-known, well-loved sounds behind that carefully closed door in the corner, we learn that the hounds at least are true to time. We shall not have long to wait. From divers highways and byways, all converging to this one point, is pouring an apparently endless string of men on horseback, men in carriages, and men on their own feet. Here and there among the crowd flutters a blue or black habit, and—what are you staring at? those red coats? O, yes, it is quite *en regle* to hunt in pink here, though we fly at no nobler game than the "good red herring." You remember the proverb that gives you such good advice as to your behaviour in Rome? Very well; it is equally applicable here. To ride red-coated to a drag in England may be cockneyfied, snobbish, what you will. But it is customary in Australia, and, therefore, is neither snobbish nor cockneyfied, though at the same time you are perfectly at liberty to wear a black coat, or, for the matter of that, a white one if you prefer it. But come, let us leave the coats, and take a look at the horses. They are not a very "gay" lot to look at, it must be confessed, but you may depend upon it they can most of them go above "a bit." They are not made the most of, either, for their coats are ragged, and there is a sore want of "elbow grease" apparent not only there, but on bit and stirrup-iron as well. Nor, so far as the outward man is concerned, can we say much more for the riders. Looking at the motley group before us, we are irresistibly reminded of those lawn "meets" with Sir Harry Scattercash's hounds, which poor John Leech has drawn so well. Flannel trowsers, with a few palpably uncalled-for buttons at the knee, generally do duty for "leathers," and when met, somewhere about the ankle, by a pair of uncertain-coloured top boots, forced, like the Laureate's Homer, into a million wrinkles, would seem to find much favour in the eyes of the admiring damsels who look on from the upper windows. Even these, however—the flannels, we mean, not the damsels, are more the exception than the rule, and generally speaking a pair of ordinary trousers, strapless, with one, possibly two spurs, bespeaks the Nimrod of these western wilds. But there yonder under that old outhouse are some cattle of a very different kidney. 'Twas an English groom who had the management of them I would wager a crown; good looking ones they are, and in the condition hunters should be; some of them should be there or thereabouts at the finish to-day. They evidently belong to the occupants of that break which four well-looking, well-put-together, and well-driven bays have just brought up the hill. There is a knowing look about those hats, and those long white driving coats can surely cover nothing less than the orthodox garment. I thought not, boots and breeches of the best. I could swear to Hammond and Baitter from this distance. There are eight of them in all, and if they can only ride as well as they can dress, they ought to be hard to beat. In England you would set them down as hard riding officers from the neighbouring garrison, or a party of the young Squires' London friends down for a gallop. Here they are probably young merchants, stock and station agents, and the like, with plenty of money, and a lively taste for amusement, sticking well to business nevertheless. A writer or two in England has taught them how these things should be done, and how we are to see how they have profited by the lesson.

More carriages. It will not be all plain sailing for us roadsters to-day, for there is quite a block of vehicles already, two-wheeled, four-wheeled, one-horsed, and two-horsed. But what do these men here? This four who have just pulled up with a scatter and a jerk at the inn-door! There is no mistaking their birth and parentage whatever hazard you make as to their business. Lineal descendants from King Solomon himself, and none other. As to their profession, if you guessed it to be in some way or the other connected with horse flesh you would not be far wrong, for these are bookmakers, the greater lights of the Australian Ring, and they always make a point of attending the "meets," when tolerably near town, and not in the way of their own legitimate business. What end they propose to themselves by this practice it would be difficult perhaps to say. But they are not the men to throw a chance away, and where horses and their riders are gathered together it would go hard but that some stray job should be thrown in their way. Of this, at least, you may be assured, that should you want to speculate, no matter on what venture, or to what extent, who will come in first, how many will ever get to the end at all, how many will fall, how many will be hurt, how many even may possibly be killed—have at them when, where, and how you will, these are the men that will never say you nay.

There is a movement in the crowd, now of very respectable dimensions, for this a favourite "meet," and the day is a public holiday to boot. Here come the hounds! Only five-and-a-half couple in all, and with no possible regard to truth could their warmest admirer regard them as a level lot. They carry no superfluous flesh however, and look very much as if they could trust to their own legs not to be ridden over—which is an excellent thing in a drag-hound. It is hard to say under what division of the class dog they come. They are not altogether unlike dwarf fox hounds; few would be prepared to swear they did not in some degree resemble harriers; while he would indeed be a bold man who would risk any very considerable portion of his patrimony on the fact that they could boast no beagle blood in their veins. But whatever they may be, there they are, and before long we shall see what they can do. The servants of the hunt are clad in scarlet; and breeched, booted and lapped in the orthodox manner. Workmanlike enough they seem, with the exception of a huge horn which the huntsman carries, slung over his shoulder after the manner of a French chasseur, and which should any mishap occur must infallibly break every rib in that worthy official's body. Let us hope however that he is not given to falling.

"To horse" is now the general cry. The "swells" are all in the saddle, and reinforced by a very smart young gentleman indeed, lately from England we should say, and "doing" the colonies. It is certainly a very correct get-up, but that very pink camelia, with the very green leaves, does not look very much like going; appearances however are often deceptive, and that camelia may be destined—as was the glove of the cavalier's lady—to be borne in the van this day. There is another addition to the field in the shape of a horsebreaker—not a "pretty one"—on a ragged, long-tailed, but well shaped colt. He—the horsebreaker, not the horse—is, I regret to say, far from sober; a circumstance which does not seem to strike the general company in any way peculiar, or as any substantial reason why he should not, to use his own words omitting the adjectives, "Have one more nobbler to them hounds." The foot-people are moving off by twos and threes to the brow of yonder grass field, and already a dark line of spectators is clustering at the fence in the bottom, which is evidently the first in the programme and probably a big one. The chosen ones have satisfied their thirst, and remounted their carriages. Shall we too take up our reins and follow?

I was not wrong; this is not the sort of obstacle a timid rider would choose for his first essay before a large "gallery." It is certainly nearer five feet than four in height, and being, with the exception of the top rail, which is of the most uncompromising wood, made of wire, there is no question of gaps, you must jump it clear or go home. There is water too in front of it: not much to be sure, nor deep, but quite broad enough, and deep enough to

throw a horse out of his stride, coming at it down hill, and at the pace at which men generally go at their first fence. It is the general opinion of the crowd that the "grief" will be considerable hereabouts: and they of Israel smack the bulbous lips in anticipation of "some old high sport."

We are none too soon, for already the light note of a hound, and a sort of suppressed cheer from the foot people on the hill, tell that the game has begun—well together, and carrying a good head, the little pack swing through the wires. What, I wonder, would those behind them give to be able to dispose of the difficulty as easily? About half-a-dozen of them are going to have it in line, not a length to choose between them. Surely the pace is too fast. Too fast it is undoubtedly to our English notions, but you must send these "waters" along if you have anything in front of you that wants doing, and to do them justice they will generally do it. Was I not right? Over they go without a rap, or a thought for their followers. Three more get over equally well, among them he of the camelia, and then the fun begins. Crack, crack, all along the line, go the top rails, and there is a general halt cried by those unfortunates still on the wrong side. One enthusiast dismounts, and striding over the water, attempts to flatten down the fatal wire to more negotiable dimensions. He is of a portly presence enough, but his efforts are vain. There is nothing for it but to retrace their steps, and trust to good fortune and a kindly turn to let them up again. One, however, has no such intention. Our friend, the horsebreaker—who, as we learn from the Israelites, rejoices in the name Tim—has come out to-day with the double end in view of business and pleasure—a day's ride for himself, and a day's schooling for the young one. Neither, he argues, are to be gained by turning back at the first difficulty. There is one panel still left intact, and utterly ignoring the possibility, the probability indeed of the colt choosing what, to its inexperienced eyes, has all the appearance of an inviting gap, down the hill he comes like a flash of lightning. Whether the colt prefers the panel of his own choice, or is constrained thereto by his rider, we cannot say. There is a wild "hurroo" from Tim, a hurried address to one of their ancestors from the excited Hebrews, a cheer from the crowd, a sharp crash, a rattle, and in one way or the other the pair get to the other side. The last top rail is a thing of the past, and there is a slight suspicion of a scratch on one of the colts' hind legs, but—the pair are over, and together. "He's the boy can do it!" says an admiring Pat, standing on one of our wheels, as Tim waves his whip triumphantly, and catching tight hold of the young one's head, sails away in hot pursuit of the leaders.

We cannot do better than follow his example, for they are streaming away at a pace that will soon take them out of our sight if we don't bestir ourselves. For quite a mile the road runs straight and fair ahead, and the line, you may be sure, runs parallel. We couldn't have a better chance for seeing all that is to be seen. Of the half-dozen who flew the big fence first, two are unmistakably to the front now, and both are of the "likely" lot, we noticed at the onset. Mark the difference between their style of going, and that of the huntsman, who is some six lengths behind them. Now you can see how they do these things in the Old World and in the New. Smoothly, and easily, sitting well back in the saddle, hands quiet and low, feet well home in the stirrups, and still as sundials, the leaders seem to slip over the rails, one after the other as easily as our wheels roll over the Macadam. With a loose rein, and a looser seat, comes the huntsman, "cramping" along every yard, his hands here, there, and everywhere, and his legs going like the pendulums of a kitchen clock. If ever a man was predestined to grief surely there is the man. Not a bit of it; neither he nor his horse know any better, or want to know any better. Both are perfectly satisfied with each other and perfectly happy. You or I, no doubt, would never get that horse over two consecutive fences without misadventure, any more than the gallant pair themselves would be able to negotiate half-a-mile of an English shire. But here they are perfectly at home, and you would do yourself little harm by backing them to finish pretty much where they are now. He may not be a graceful performer in the saddle, the Australian, pure and simple, but he is not half a bad one. These three have the undoubted call of the rest, who are coming on in a widely-spread ruck from a half a field to half-a-mile behind them. The fences are simple, not too large, and susceptible to a gentle pressure. He of the camelia seems more at home under these circumstances, and is gradually pressing to the front. Tim urges on his wild career on the extreme left, where he fancies from the fall of the ground, or some other real or imaginary cause, the timber stands higher. He has served out a fair number of top rails already, and has quite a staff of grateful followers behind him. One of the "whips" is missing, and the other has lost his whip. But what of that? In sport like this, these otherwise useful officials are but a gracious concession to the unwritten code of the hunting-field. The road division has received a large additional contingent which ought to be in another place, but, taking one with another, there are still some thirty men going straight and well to the hounds, who are holding their own gallantly. And now we lose sight of them for a moment, for they cross the road just in front of us, bringing two of their followers to grief, while Tim triumphantly illustrates the maxim of "What you can't bend you may break," by going "in and out" cleverly, without rising an inch, and making a gap on each side large enough to let in a squadron of cavalry at the charge. It is so large in fact, that some of the cautious ones are tempted to take advantage of such an opening, and risk once more the perils of the chase. Over the brow of the hill to the right they go, while we must still make our way straightforward, never fear, however, I will guarantee you shall be in at the "death."

Down in the valley beneath, some two miles distant from us, you see a low range of buildings. That is where the gallop ends, and as we have but to drive straight down to it, while the principal performers must make a wide *détour* to the right before their labours are over, we shall be in good time for the run-in. Here, then, we are—but what is this? Another public-house! Our lot for the day seems to be cast among these evidences of civilization. 'Tis thirsty work, let us charitably suppose, and thirsty weather as well, which makes this species of entertainment so grateful to man and beast—especially the former.

You see amid the group standing, lolling, and sitting round the inn door one who, by his flushed countenance and disordered dress, certainly looks as if he had earned the refreshment he is taking. And well, indeed, he has earned it, for that is our dragsman—the "Jolly Green" of the Western Hemisphere, the "Ani-seed" of the Antipodes. Ten miles or so, from first to last, he has travelled since first he put his rabbit-skin to the ground, and that at no trifling pace. Mark what an object of admiration he is to the rest of the group. They associate him with the deeds of daring in which his followers delight, and part of their glory shines around that fur cap and heated brow. What a noble thirst he has too! Perhaps that pale though portly boniface is sighing to think how long it is since he could relish—not drain, he can do that still, worse luck for him, with the best of them—a draught like that. Driving, too, would seem to have a tendency to parch the throat. Most of the carriages pull up in the neighbourhood of the bar-door, and Israel descends in full force to taste the strong waters of the heathen. Let us look around us. The country is

still as flat as ever, but the nature of the fences is somewhat changed. Banks and ditches, most of them with a rail on the top, have taken the place of the eternal post and rail. They are not large to be sure, and could be taken by a fresh horse in his stride easily enough. But we doubt whether six miles at a fair pace would render this operation so pleasant or safe. Not at all a cheerful obstacle is that before us, which will land the chase into the road where we are drawn up. A high, narrow-topped bank, crowned with a rail, old indeed, but yet strong enough to put a horse down into that deep, and not too narrow ditch which borders the roadside. Hand, head, and heart will be wanted there, and here come they who will want them.

"Here they be—the hounds, by Jingo!" and down goes pipe and pot, while the drayman scrambles over the opposite bank, ready to throw the prey high in air to the gallant pack. Five couple and a half still, all told as when they started, they stream across the road and over the other side. Harrier, or beagle, or foxhound, whatever you be, at least you can go. Worry, worry, tear him and eat him! Not such fools—you know the taste of aniseed, don't you? 'Tis the sorry part of a drag this, the finish. No worry, no brush, no pads—nothing but a lick at the nearest puddle, and a roll in the softest grass.

A roll in the softest grass! By Jove, sir! take care, or it will be a roll on the hardest stones for you. Yes, I thought so, and serve you right. As I live 'tis the Camelia. He is first over, to give him his due, but hardly in the way he would have chosen. I suspect your heart failed you, young man, when you saw the rail, else you never would have pulled your horse out of his stride at the last like that. Unfortunately you chose a strong panel that would neither bend nor break, and behold the result—an imperial crown. There is no harm done however: the landing is soft, albeit somewhat muddy, and it is better that your leathers should suffer than the knees of your gallant grey. Crack, crack, and over come two of the "swells." Their nags were a little blown, but delicate handling and a judicious selection of place lands them in safety. The huntsman, ever handy, slips through the gap, and follows his hounds into the opposite field. Not so the rest of the chase. For them the road is virtually the finish. There is no honour or glory to be gained by scrambling up a bank to see a dozen hounds panting and sprawling round a bit of dragged skin: and so, as, by one, by two, by three, they arrive in a line following in the wake of the huntsman, they instinctively turn their horses' heads to the "good entertainment" that awaits them at the corner. There is one exception. Tim, in a perfect heaven of delight at finding himself almost in "Ould Oireland" with all those banks around him, is not to be done out of a single "lap." Scorning broken panels, and such low assistance, he rushes the young one at a new and unpromising spot. "Howld up, ye blundering baste!" It is a blunder indeed; nose, knees, and every part seem to be on the ground at once—but they don't fall. Before, however, the young one can recover himself fairly, he is on to the opposite bank, a scramble, a clatter of hoofs, a shower of dry earth, and a volley of Irish conjugations, faintly echoed in other tongues from the bar, horse and driver roll lovingly together to the feet of the huntsman. "Begorra! I'm second in anyhow! and so, no doubt, he is, and his horse is third." "Blundering blockhead!" says one of the swells. "But, by Jove, the youngster can jump," says the other.

How many of the gallant band are here? Not more than twelve have we counted come into the road legitimately, that is over the fence, but by hook or by crook we are pretty nearly all here. There are a good many dirty coats, and one of the "whips" is missing altogether. Rumour, ranging from the parlour to the bar, whispers vaguely of disaster, and everybody expresses a hope that "somebody" wasn't badly hurt, though nobody seems to know. "'Twas a grate run, entirely," says Tim, and all seem disposed to agree with him.

Well, the run is over. Barring the flatness of the country and the nature of the fences it was pretty much like other runs, was it not? Quite as much "bruising" and quite as much "craning;" rather more galloping, and pretty nearly as much jumping. I trust your first experience across Australia has not been an unpleasant one, and now let us light our cigars, and—well, yes, one glass to the health of the merry little pack, and so home.

M.

CONTROVERSY has arrived at Messrs. Osborne's stables, Middleham, to be trained.

GRAND NATIONAL HUNT.—A general meeting of the committee will be held at No. 6, Old Burlington-street, on Monday, October 12, at two o'clock p.m. Notices of motion:—By Lord Calthorpe:—"That in consequence of the abolition of the Race-course Duty the following rule be subscribed for Rule 80:—No horse, though it has a hunting certificate, shall be qualified to run for hunters' races, if during the twelve months previous to starting it shall have run for a handicap, whether over a country or not, or for any race on the flat not confined to hunters, chargers, or yeomanry horses."

UNVEILING OF BALFE'S STATUE.

THIS ceremonial, so interesting to musicians, and especially to British musicians, was performed on Friday last, by permission of Mr. F. Chatterton, in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, on behalf of the Balfé Testimonial Committee, opened the proceedings with a long and eulogistic address, after which Sir Michael Costa unveiled the statue, at the same time placing at the foot a splendid bouquet which had been sent by the great composer's widow.

With regard to the statue, the *Times* says:—"About the statue itself, the work of a young Belgian sculptor, M. A. Malempré, we can only say that the likeness is certainly striking; though the majestic pose hardly makes the desired impression on those who knew Balfé well and saw him frequently. Balfé was never a "poser," and under no circumstances can we imagine him assuming so imperial an attitude. Otherwise, as simply a work of art, the statue seems to have made a generally favourable impression. Resting upon a pedestal nearly 6 feet high, it presents the Irish musician as a man of unusual stature—a semi-giant in short; whereas all who knew Balfé must remember that he was rather under than over the middle size. But this is a mere question of taste. That Balfé's statue should stand where it now stands is unanimously admitted; and whether or not the much talked-of monumental tablet is destined to find its appropriate corner in Westminster Abbey, our popular composer is at least represented worthily in the vestibule of the scene of his many and well-earned successes."

Mr. F. Chatterton, who so kindly placed his theatre at the disposal of the Committee of the Balfé Testimonial, had provided a handsome cold collation for all who chose to partake of it. Among those present were Lord A. Paget, Sir M. Costa, Baron Rothschild, Sir G. Armytage, the Rev. H. Moore, the Rev. F. Roberts, Messrs. Mauns, G. A. Macfarren, Fladgate, C. Lyall, Dr. Canton, T. Chappell, G. A. Osborne, Brinley Richards, Ganz, H. Phillips, Lazarus, J. Fernandez, Doland, Oliphant, J. Bennett, Cormack, G. Honey, Graves, E. Murray, G. Murray, G. A. Sala, A. Halliday, T. Stanislaus, E. Falconer, S. Emery, E. Stirling, R. Churchill, Creswick, J. B. Howard, H. Sinclair, Hollingshead, C. Kenny, F. Evans, Horace Chatterton, Ledger, E. T. Blanchard, C. A. Jecks, J. Stride, T. G. Clark, Santley, Puzzi, F. Romer, Hutchins, Murphy, J. Batsford, J. Maycock, Marius, and F. B. Chatterton; Mesdames Hudspeth, Puzzi, G. Ward, Jullien, and Behrends.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.—The *Omaha* (Nebraska) *Tribune* says:—"For some days past a man of stalwart frame and commanding stature has moved along our streets, the observed of all observers. Dressed in buckskin jacket and breeches, the latter tucked in his boots, a broad-brimmed felt hat upon his head, and no ornaments about his person save the countless strands of buckskin which are necessary adjuncts of such a suit, he would instantly be regarded as an unusual personage, and the query could but arise—'Who is he?' Upon enquiry we found he was the veritable 'Arkansas Bill,' who, in 1867, had that terrible fight with a bear, in which his companion, Jesse Bell, was almost torn to pieces, but lives today the wonder and admiration of the old hunters of the West. Arkansas Bill, who is about 29 years of age, and stands about 6ft. 3in. in his stocking feet, early in the spring of 1867 fell in with Jesse Bell at Green City, and the two, with a view of prospecting, made for the head waters of the Snake, Green, and Wind Rivers. No lodes being discovered worth working, they struck south, reached Horse Creek, and stopped to rest themselves, and their animals for a few days. Here, following an antelope eight miles across an alkali flat, they turned a sharp point in a bluff to get within closer range. Just as Jesse, who was about six feet in advance of Bill, was in the act of crawling over the sharp rock, he discovered on the other side, in a hollow about ten feet off, an old she-bear, with two cubs and a yearling. Instantly Jesse cried out, 'A bear! jump back! this is no place to fight.' With three bounds Bill had reached a level spot of ground, and Jesse, when the bear had come close enough to be singled by the powder, fired and broke her shoulder. Maddened with pain, she sprang with the quickness of lightning and caught Jesse, who was in the act of leaping back, by the side. Such was the momentum that together they fell at Bill's feet, Jesse underneath and the bear on top. Instantly she seized his side in her huge jaws, sinking her upper tusks deep into the muscles of the back, while she was prevented from doing the same with her lower ones, and thus from biting a huge mouthful out of his side, by striking against a shot-pouch which hung by a cord from his shoulders. Jesse wishing to get her attention away from such vital parts, kicked her, and at the same instant Bill, putting his rifle close to her body, at the back of the shoulder, fired. The pain-stung beast, supposing the cause of her misery came from the kick, seized Jesse's foot by the ankle and began to chew it up. Jesse then attempted to get his six-shooter while Bill was loading. Attracted by Jesse's movements, she wheeled, and received

another shot from the rifle. With wonderful quickness she struck this her other enemy a clip on the head, knocking him down, and a fourth shot went crashing through her body from the six-shooter discharged by Jesse with his left hand. Instantly she grabbed and bit through the left arm, but perceiving Jesse moving his head, which he did in order to give Bill a chance to shoot her without having it in range, she opened her huge blood-stained jaws and took nearly his whole head in her mouth, Jesse's eyes staring down her throat. The situation was a desperate one, and something must be done in the twinkling of an eye. Bill was equal to it and ready. Placing the muzzle of his rifle just at the back of her ear, he fired. Springing back in her death leap, she tore away part of Jesse's upper jaw and a piece of the scalp 5in. wide by 9 in. long. She fell back upon Bill's legs, who rolled her off, and then took his knife and cut off the piece of Jesse's jaw (with the teeth attached), which hung by a thread, trimmed the ragged portion of what remained of the scalp, and was endeavouring to dress his wounded foot, when the yearling bear appeared upon the scene only a few feet away. It was the work of an instant to seize his rifle and send a bullet through her head. When the wounds had received all the care possible, Jesse was helped to his feet and attempted to walk. Finding it impossible, the broad-shouldered athlete stooped, and taking the man upon his shoulders started away. Once only in that long tramp of eight miles did he stop to rest, wishing to reach camp before dark, and fearing that the wolves, if they got scent of the blood, might give trouble. Arriving at camp, good fortune favoured them in finding there another man, who had come in during the afternoon. Patching up their wounded friend with prepared plaster—a roll of which hunters generally carry—they constructed a 'carriage' in the following manner:—Lashing a pole on each side of a pony, secured to the pack-saddle—while the other ends dragged upon the ground—they constructed a basket of plaited deerskin thongs between the poles, just back of the animal, and in this placed Jesse. This is the Indian method of transporting their sick and wounded. They at once set out for Fort Bridger, travelling all that night, stopping only to pour cold water upon the painful wounds. Never did Jesse lose his consciousness; no sign of suffering, except a very few grunts, came from the fearfully lacerated man in the long journey. When morning arrived, they halted for two hours, and then continued on uninterruptedly until night, save when they paused by some stream, as in the night, to bathe the wounded parts. When evening came, they arrived at the ford, where the upper trail crosses Green River, and where an emigrant outfit had long before been plundered, the emigrants themselves murdered, and the waggon thrown into the river. They here procured the front wheels of one of the waggons, and placed the poles on this, instead of the pony, thus easing the carriage of the sufferer. All that night and the next day they proceeded as before, with occasional stoppages for rest and doctoring. The next night the journey was continued only until 9 o'clock, when a halt was made until morning. About the middle of the afternoon the party rode into Fort Bridger, and Bill was taken to the hospital and put in charge of the post surgeon. An examination of his injuries was made, when the surgeon said to Bill, 'He can never get well.' Instantly came the first words Jesse had spoken,—'You are a liar if you think I won't.' Truth was there, for Jesse is alive and well to-day, still following his favourite pursuit of hunting and trapping."

JOCKEY CLUB.—A meeting of the above club was held at Newmarket, on Wednesday in the First October Meeting (September 30th). Present:—Lord Falmouth and Admiral Rous, stewards; Sir G. Chetwynd, Mr. W. S. Crawford, Mr. Drake, Col. Forester, Lord Lascelles, General Peel, Duke of St. Alban's, Mr. Savile, Mr. Vyner, and General Wood. Lord Falmouth brought forward the motion of which the Stewards had given notice, viz.—"To transfer Rule 7 of the Jockey Club, on the postponement of races, to the rules of racing," which was carried unanimously. The other motion was withdrawn. Adjourned.

LA SAUTEUSE.—This filly, who won the Granby Stakes at Newmarket on Wednesday, was bred by Mr. William Day, at Woodyates, and she was sold at Alexandra Park as a yearling for 200 guineas.

STROLLER.—This colt, after winning the Selling Sweepstakes at Newmarket on Wednesday, was sold to Capt. Wolvenden for 160 guineas; and later in the day he won another Selling Stakes, but did not again change hands.

BIRDCATCHER.—This four-year-old Irish colt was sold for 105 guineas to Mr. Derby on winning a selling race at the Dublin Metropolitan Meeting on Wednesday.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOGG, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[Advrt.]

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The following is an extract from the *Official "Lloyd's List" of June 19, 1874*:—"The Human Eye and its Diseases."—Few persons are aware how marvellously beautiful and complex a structure is the organ of vision, nor is it possible for us within the limited space of a mere paragraph to explain the various peculiarities so fully that our readers might obtain only an abstract notion thereof. Volumes have already been devoted to the subject by eminent oculists, and other surgical authorities; poets and philosophers also have eulogised

the wondrous and charming influences of this "window of the soul" and "queen of the senses," but our purpose in these brief remarks is not that of an essayist, but rather an allusion to the minor ailments to which the eyes of most people are so frequently subject and exposed, more particularly those resident in tropical or humid latitudes, such as dimness, weakness, watery, sore, or inflamed eyes, forms of disease which, though oftentimes purely local, are exceedingly troublesome and painful to the sufferer, and if neglected for a length of time may possibly become a constitutional disorder. It may be observed, also, that many eye lotions used are absolutely dangerous in the hands of unskilled persons, because of certain strong chemicals or poisonous properties which they contain. One specific, however, for alleviating the affections alluded to has recently been brought under our notice, supported by innumerable testimonials of an entirely voluntary characters from all parts of the kingdom, attesting unquestionably with reference to many difficult and long standing cases its speedy efficacy of cure. We allude to the *Patent Eye Liquid*, prepared solely by Mr. John Ede, of the Birchfield Road, Birmingham. We have been assured that this preparation has given complete relief to many who had been previously treated unsuccessfully in some of the leading hospitals, and as may readily be imagined, is much sought after in districts where it has become known. It is furthermore quite harmless in use.

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